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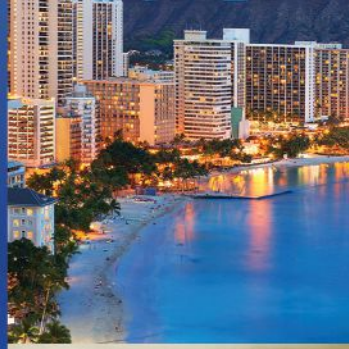
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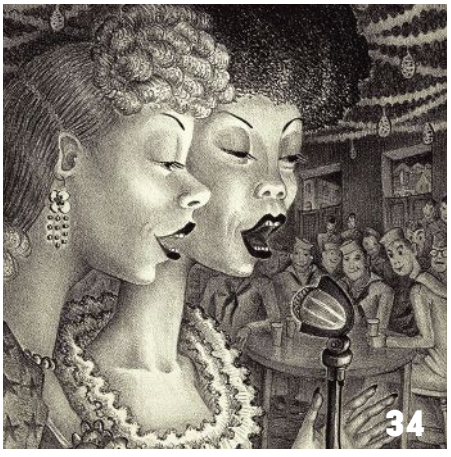


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April 2015, Volume Ten, Number Six







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COVER SHOT: *Corporal Robert E. Lowe and his war dog, Dutch, scout out what's ahead on Okinawa in May 1945. Together through training and through 1944's savage fight on Peleliu, dog and man had become a team and learned to trust each other. On Okinawa, Dutch sniffed out a Japanese platoon 150 yards away, saving his unit from ambush.* NATIONAL ARCHIVES

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KILROY
WAS HERE

A Better Beast

I WOULD HAVE SWORN THE HITLER MUSTACHE went the way of, well, the name Adolf. But there I was the other day, walking through a hospital cafeteria—a pretty public place—and doing a double-take. I prayed fast that the guy passing me didn't notice me freezing there, staring at his upper lip for what seemed like a week and a half. I'm part Polish, after all, historically not a favorite ethnicity of the sort of person I feared this one might be.

Apparently some people who saw the cover of our last issue had a similarly shocked reaction. As you can see on our V-Mail page, in the letter "Judging by the Cover," Alex Cwiekalo (retired chief master sergeant of the US Air Force) was reading our February 2015 edition in public places and got dirty looks when passersby noticed an infamously mustachioed face. Now, I'd say that putting Hitler on the cover of a history publication that reports on the years that were the climax of his reign is a far cry from trimming one's facial hair to make a startling symbolic statement that might be an homage to a man who tried to kill off an entire people. But there must be something to this. It was more than one person who eyed Sergeant Cwiekalo askance.

Well, we can't shy away from depicting history on our covers. Hero and villain and saint and sinner alike earned their places in the annals of the past by the impact they had on the world, and we enjoy and learn from reading about them and their positive or negative exploits. But since we just featured a villain, maybe it's fair that this time we have a hero (though, actually, we do mostly highlight heroes). So we've followed up our last cover, featuring one of the most detested beasts in humanity's history, with a cover featuring one of its most beloved: the dog.

In truth, it's largely a coincidence that last issue had an article on Hitler and this one has an article on dogs, and that each became the cover article, but it works out for the good. Everyone loves dogs, right? (Well, except maybe delivery people and other workers who have to visit strangers' homes.)

In return for little more than some patting on the head, a treat, and an enthusiastic "good boy," dogs followed America's GIs all the way to the front, where they sometimes risked their lives to provide protection. None of this would have happened, I was surprised to find out, if regular Americans—the same people who sent their kids off to war—hadn't donated their pets to the military.

These family dogs gave a whole new meaning to "man's best friend." It's one thing to fetch the paper and extend a paw to "shake hands"; it's another to stick beside your master while someone is firing a machine gun at him. Man's best friend indeed. And a likable, laudable, and handsome beast for our cover.



Carl Zebrowski
Editor, *America in WWII*

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V-MAIL

PATTON'S PISTOL

On page 60 of the February 2015 issue of *America in WWII*, Tom Huntington reviews the excellent movie *Patton* [Theater of War]. At one point, he describes Patton firing his "ivory-handled revolver" at German planes. However, he needs to watch it again and pay particular attention to the scene where Patton fires at a German fighter plane. Patton was not using a revolver, but actually using a Colt Model 1903 Pocket Hammerless semi-automatic pistol, like the one in the photo shown here.

Ed Jacklitch
San Jose, California



COURTESY OF WWW.ADAMSGUNS.COM

George C. Scott held a Colt pistol like this one when he played the title role in *Patton*.

ON BEING A WAR ORPHAN

I read your article that asked how it felt to be a war orphan ["Losing Dad," by Allyson Patton, August 2014]. I wrote this poem a few years ago when I did research on my dad's death. His name was Robert E. Lynch and he was killed in action on August 15, 1944, in Cherbourg, France.

The War Orphan

I have a hole down deep inside.
It's as tall as a man and half as wide.
That hole is where my Dad should be.
He died in a war seeking victory
against an enemy we did not see.
That war was meant to end all wars.
And then the enemy came to us
with strikes that killed 3,000 plus.
Our soldiers have died in many wars
in distant lands on foreign shores.
Their children will have a hole inside
just as tall and just as wide.
To the World: No matter how you pray
let's just pray for a better way.

Ann Nichols
received via e-mail

JUDGING BY THE COVER

Your magazine is absolutely the best thing I've ever gotten out of any of my eight grandchildren's school magazine sales. I read every issue cover to cover and carry it around with me while doing so. However, the recent issue [February 2015] with the prominent cover photo of Adolf Hitler has caused me to pause. I can't tell you how many nasty looks and negative challenges I've received in restaurants, libraries, and other places from passersby. If I have an opportunity to explain to them exactly what the magazine is truly about, it does somewhat ease the tension or negative first impression. Some even ask how they might subscribe.

I know and understand full well how important the Axis figures are to your wonderful magazine and that you also use Allied figures on your covers, too. But in today's politically correct world, maybe it would be better if your covers excluded the likes of Hitler and kept them on the inside of the magazine so subscribers like myself don't have to hide the magazine for fear of offending someone.

This is provided solely as an observation and recommendation and in no way meant to cast any negative light on the magazine editor and publisher. Thank you again for the magnificent magazine you publish, and keep 'em coming.

Alex Cwiekalo
chief master sergeant of the US Air Force (retired)
London, Ohio

Editor's Note: *Thanks for sharing your thoughts, Sergeant Cwiekalo. The truth is, we'll keep putting the "bad guys" of history on the cover from time to time. They make popular cover subjects, because people struggle with the "why" of truly destructive human beings. It's important not to forget the bad guys or stop talking about them because they're distasteful. Remember,* Time *magazine named Hitler its Man of the Year in 1938 because he was "the greatest threatening force that the democratic, freedom-loving world faces today."*

ANOTHER BUDDY FROM MOGMOG

Your article "My Buddy from Mogmog" [Kilroy, by editor Carl Zebrowski, December 2014] was super. I hope you find this half as interesting.

It was 1944 and I was a young 3rd Class Petty Officer serving on the USS *Cornel (AN-45)*, operating in and out of Ulithi [the atoll that includes Mogmog]. The crew had the opportunity to go ashore and visit Mogmog, so after not touching land in almost a year, we really looked forward to going ashore. I do remember that if one more sailor went ashore on that island it most probably would have sunk.

One day as we were anchored offshore and ready to go over the side on swim call, our rifle guard shouted out, "Hey! Look, there's a gal going by on that boat!" (At that time we hadn't seen a female in approximately 16 months.) Sure enough, there she was: a lady named Peggy Ryan, and as her boat was going by she waved at us. [Peggy Ryan was an American dancer who starred in numerous WWII-era musicals.]

Years later, as a Chief Petty Officer stationed at the sub base in Pearl Harbor, I paid a visit with my wife to the CPO Club. Once again, there she was—Peggy Ryan, sitting there with her husband. I approached their table and introduced myself. After making small talk I asked her if she remembered Ulithi and Mogmog. That did it, and we really got into some serious talking. When we parted ways, we parted as close friends and wartime buddies.

Paul S. Sanchez
US Navy (retired)
Shelton, Washington

Send us your comments and reactions—especially the favorable ones! Mail them to V-Mail, America in WWII, 4711 Queen Avenue, Suite 202, Harrisburg, PA 17109, or e-mail them to editor@americainwwii.com.

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Where's the Meat in That Loaf?

by Carl Zebrowski

AMERICANS HAVE ALWAYS loved their meat. But compared to starches, vegetables, and fruits, meat is expensive. And sometimes it's hard to come by. Those who lived through the Depression and World War II knew these truths well.

What Americans wanted in the early forties was more meat. But with beef and pork going to feed hungry fighting forces, more meat wasn't what they got. So they had to make do with what they had. When dinnertime came, that meant either going without meat altogether or getting the most out of the limited amount of meat that was available. In the latter case, one tried and true trick of the trade was that all-American dish every child of the war and postwar years remembers well: meatloaf.

Meatloaf—a blend of ground meat with starchy and other filler ingredients and flavorings—was no 20th-century invention. It's been around since ancient times. Roman feasts featured patties formed of hand-minced meat mixed with wine-soaked bread, spices, and pine nuts. In the 4th or 5th century, *Apicius*, a book of recipes named for the 1st-century gourmet Marcus Gavius Apicius and compiled by an unknown author, contained instructions for preparing just such a dish.

This culinary tradition continued into the Middle Ages in Europe. When meat trimmings were leftover from dinner, the cook might mix them with fruit and nuts to stretch them into another meal (and maybe to mask any off flavors that had settled in as the scraps crept closer to spoilage). In 18th-century France, cooks challenged by limited resources chopped up organ meat and built up a dish by alternating layers of the resulting mash with layers of gelatin made by boiling down animal bones and tissue.

The American variety of meatloaf was a creation of the late 19th century, a take on the Pennsylvania Dutch loaf of spiced pork scraps, cornmeal, and flour that's known as scrapple. But it wasn't that popular at the time. Mincing the meat was hard work, a tiring chopping job done with a pair of curved knives. Commercial meat grinders, which arrived about this time, might have solved the problem, but people worried that they didn't know for sure what was in pre-ground meat. The 1906 Meat Inspection Act eased their fears a bit, but even then, ground meat didn't become a kitchen staple until inexpensive and easy-to-operate home meat grinders became widely available shortly after that. Then meatloaf was suddenly everywhere. In 1918, *The Fannie Farmer Cookbook* included a handful of recipes.



SEATTLE MUNICIPLE ARCHIVES

Wartime was the right time for meatloaf. Mixing a starch with a small amount of rationed ground meat, a homemaker had a filling dish to serve up—and, many insisted, a healthy one.

A decade later came the Great Depression. With jobless rates soaring, many families couldn't afford to put meat on the table—at least not much of it, and never the prime cuts that stood well on their own. Home cooks rediscovered meatloaf for its ability to make meat go farther. New developments in food manufacturing, especially cheap flavoring products such as mustard and bouillon, further aided the homemaker's goal of turning a modest grocery store haul into a tasty dinner.

After the Pearl Harbor attack pulled America into World War II and women joined the work force, they no longer had time to prepare fancy dinners. Meanwhile, meat became harder to find, and government rationing kept family cooks from buying as much as they needed, even as wartime jobs gave them enough money to afford it. There was meatloaf again.

Recipes started showing up in magazines and cookbooks. General Foods, maker of Post Raisin Bran and Jell-o, published the 40-page pamphlet "Recipes for Today," featuring instructions for preparing dozens of meals, including "Thrift Meats for Dinner." Naturally, meatloaf turned up, in this case a blend of beef and pork with Post Grape-Nuts, egg, celery, onion, sage, parsley, ketchup, and milk or stock.

A wartime meatloaf recipe under the catchy name Vitality Loaf appeared in some publications along with a printed pep talk touting its ability to keep the wartime family healthy. The Wine Advisory Board, a US trade association, promoted an ostensibly upscale version in a 1944 magazine ad: "If you'll make your meat loaf with a little red table wine, you'll find it becomes *banquet fare*."

By the time the war ended, meatloaf, served with sides like mashed potatoes and carrots, was a regular on the American dinner table. President Harry Truman said meatloaf topped with tomato sauce was his favorite. The popularity of meatloaf only continued to grow, and with the boom in cars and then roadside diners, it went on to become *the* dish of the fifties. And it never went away. ★



AMERICA IN WWII

PINUP

Noel Neill

Noel Neill didn't stay in Minneapolis for long with her newspaperman father and vaudeville-dancer mother. After graduating high school in 1938, she moved to Hollywood to become a star. She followed her mother's path into show business, and in the late 1940s, her acting took a turn toward her father's profession, when she portrayed a journalist on film—a newspaper reporter named Lois Lane.

Neill began her showbiz career singing at the Turf Club at Hollywood's Del Mar racetrack. She soon found herself as a contract player at Paramount Pictures and landed her first significant role in the 1942 comedy *Henry and Dizzy*. She went on to star in numerous films and, beginning in the 1950s, on television. She portrayed Lois Lane in the film serials *Superman* (1948) and *Atom Man vs. Superman* (1950) and on the 1950s television series *Adventures of Superman*.

When the Superman television series ended in 1958, she retired from the industry, though she later made occasional appearances in Superman-related productions, such as *Superman Returns* in 2006. She is now 94 and lives in Metropolis, Illinois.

—James George
editorial intern

PHOTO COURTESY OF WWW.DOCTORMACRO.COM

Defender of the Delaware

by Robert Gabrick

Most Americans never knew it, but a savage battle blazed along their country's East Coast after the December 1941 Pearl Harbor attack. No sooner had the United States declared war on its Japanese attackers than Germany declared war on the United States. The Third Reich's first move was Operation Drumbeat, an all-out submarine offensive to destroy US trans-Atlantic shipping. American losses were staggering. Debris and corpses washed up on beaches all along the coast. German U-boats sank more than 600 ships, destroying more than 3 million tons of supplies and killing more than 5,000 people.

Today, most residents of the eastern seaboard are unaware of the desperate battle once fought just offshore and of America's desperation to defend her coasts. But near Lewes, on Delaware's Cape Henlopen, dedicated volunteers have converted mighty Fort Miles, built in those turbulent days, into a place of remembrance and education about WWII coastal defense.

In World War II, as today, the Delaware River was strategically important, providing access to the Atlantic Ocean for three bustling industrial ports: Wilmington, Delaware; Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; and Camden, New Jersey. Two points of land about 15 miles apart—Cape May, New Jersey, and Cape Henlopen, Delaware—formed the ocean gateway to and from Delaware Bay and the river. Defending these capes was crucial. So in 1941 the US Army established Fort Miles on Cape Henlopen. The fort was named for Lieutenant General Nelson Appleton Miles, late US Army commander and 42-year veteran who served in the Civil War, the Indian Wars, and the Spanish-American War.



One of 11 fire-control towers at the Fort Miles Historical Area that watched for Nazi ships at the entrance to Delaware Bay.

Initially planned in 1934, Fort Miles was meant to be a formidable coastal defense capable of protecting vital Delaware Valley industries against an enemy surface fleet. Such an attack never came, however. Instead, Germany used U-boats to sink American shipping in Atlantic shipping routes. That was an offensive Fort Miles was powerless to halt. The fort fired its guns just once during the war.

Nowadays, Fort Miles's mission is educational. The fort's Artillery Battery 519—located under Henlopen's Great Dune, the largest sand hill between Cape Cod, Massachusetts, and Cape Hatteras, North Carolina—is now home to the Fort Miles Museum. Battery 519 originally featured two 12-inch guns separated by a 400-some-foot corridor that housed powder and shell rooms and spaces for storage and utilities. These guns could fire 975-pound armor-piercing shells more than 16 miles, far enough to cover the entire width of Delaware Bay to Cape May. One of these 12-inch guns, fully restored and located in the casement that housed the guns during the war, is the museum's prize artifact. The 48-man crews of these massive weapons received only cotton to put in their ears for protection (as all US gun crews did).

Other artillery batteries featuring a variety of guns deployed for the war are also on display at the fort. Placards interpret the guns, WWII buildings, and artifacts using photos, maps, drawings, and text.

One special object here is a 16-inch gun from the USS *Missouri (BB-63)*, on whose deck Japan's surrender was signed in September 1945. Currently outdoors near the restored WWII-era buildings, it represents the two 16-inch guns that were deployed at Fort Miles originally, but were removed and scrapped after the war. It's an awesome weapon, even in its unrestored condition. With a barrel nearly 66 feet long and weighing 130 tons, it hurled 2,200-pound shells at 2,500 feet per second, covering 25 miles in just 50 seconds. A 17-inch-thick piece of steel here illustrates the gun's deadly ability to pierce the armor of







ALL PHOTOS BY ROBERT GABRICK

Above right: Fort Miles was built to keep German ships out of Delaware Bay. Had an attack come, the fort would have unleashed awesome firepower. This 79-ton 8-inch gun, manned by 25 soldiers, could hurl a 36-inch shell 20 miles. Upper left: A massive 12-inch gun protrudes from a restored part of Battery 519. Lower left: The fort's garrison laid mines in Delaware Bay and its river, including M3 mines like this one.

the mightiest enemy battleships. A sample shell completes the display.

Still standing at the Fort Miles site are 11 steel-reinforced-concrete fire-control towers that provided the eyes for gun crews in the underground artillery bunkers. Touring one of the 75-foot-tall towers, visitors climb a circular staircase, which replaces the ladder GIs climbed to access the observation deck. Because a ship was a moving target, if a tower observer spotted one, he reported its azimuth readings every 30 seconds. With the distances between the towers known, readings from multiple towers allowed a triangulation that helped the gun crew fire accurately on enemy ships.

One room in the museum allows visitors to see the techniques Fort Miles's defenders used to plot a ship's location. On display are a plotting table and a bank of phones used to communicate between the fire-control towers, the plotting room, and the gun crews. Additional personnel prepared the ammunition. Others transported it from the powder room to the casement, where the gun was loaded and fired. In all, more than 2,000 servicemen kept the fort operating.

In addition to artillery batteries, fort personnel created and maintained the East Coast's second largest underwater minefield. More than 400 mines, each filled with 3,000 pounds of TNT, were planted on the floor of Delaware Bay and the Delaware River. Museum displays show the two types of mines deployed.

On May 14, 1945—just after V-E Day, when the Allies declared victory in Europe—the German sub *U-858* surrendered at Fort Miles. The museum houses a 20mm anti-aircraft gun from *U-858*'s sister sub *U-853*, the last U-boat sunk in American waters. *U-853* went down off Point Judith, Rhode Island, on May 5, 1945.

As a historic site, Fort Miles is a work in progress. The army declared the fort surplus after the war and then used only portions of it until all activity there ceased in 1991. In 2003, the Fort Miles Historical Association formed with the mission to "preserve, protect, and defend all aspects of Fort Miles." The volunteer group's stated goal is to create "the best World War II museum inside a World War II facility in the country." So far, in addition to the guns, the fort displays period furniture and equipment, including desks, files, beds, and a telephone exchange. The collection keeps expanding. The historical association has long-range plans for an addition to the museum.

When Cape Henlopen State Park is open, visitors can access Fire Control Tower Number 7 and the restored WWII buildings, including the site's orientation building. Museum tours, however, require advance reservations. The encounter with history in an authentic WWII facility makes it well worth the trouble. ★

IN A NUTSHELL

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ROBERT GABRICK *is a contributing editor of* America in WWII. *For a personal story from Fort Miles, see the GIs article on page 64.*

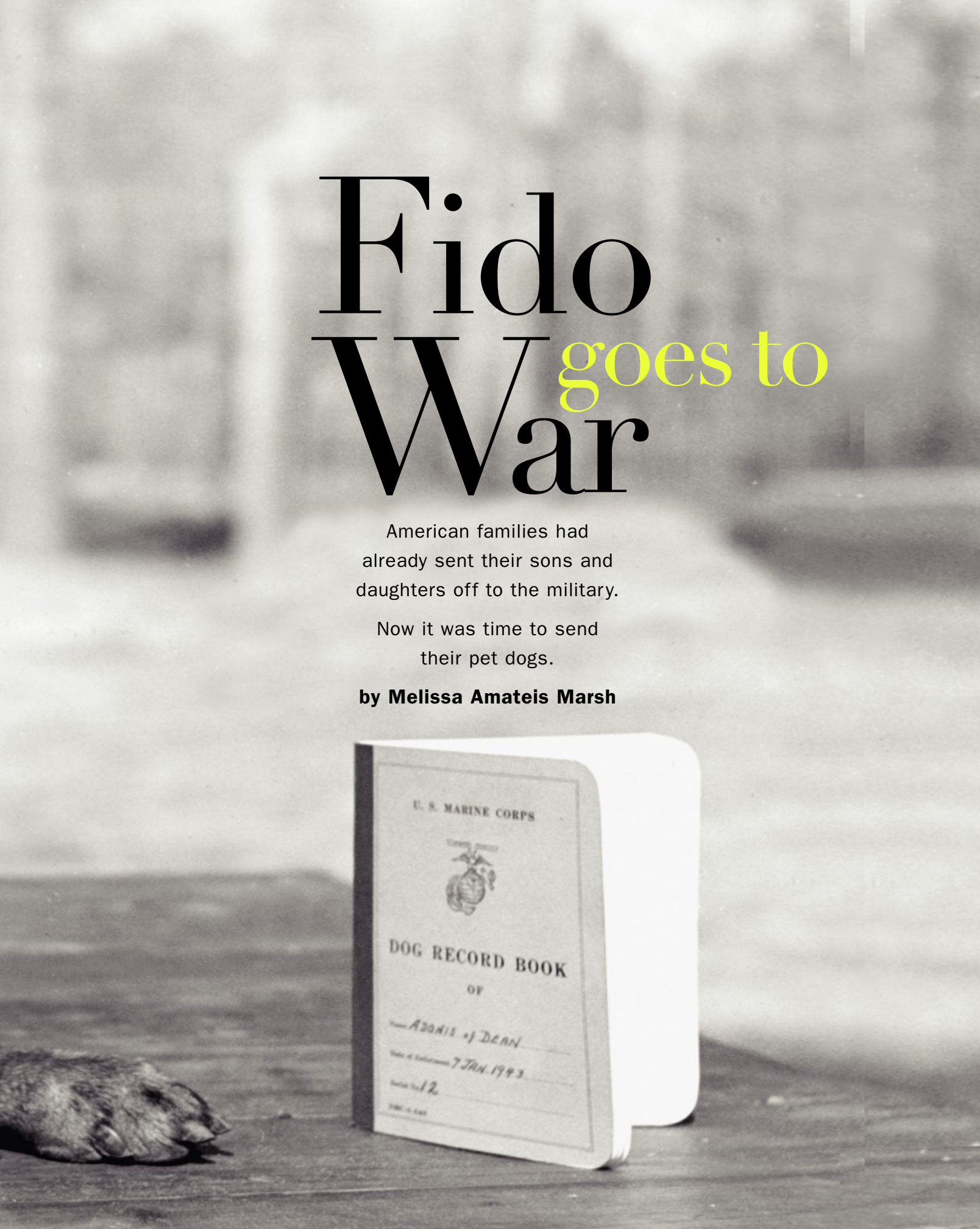


Fido goes to War

American families had already sent their sons and daughters off to the military.

Now it was time to send their pet dogs.

by Melissa Amateis Marsh



Fido goes to War

by Melissa Amateis Marsh

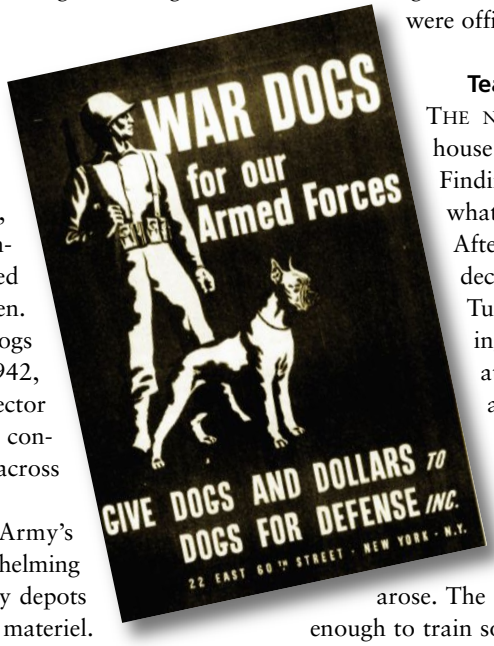
Eric Charles Dahlberg of Nyack, New York, missed his dog. In June 1943, the youngster had donated his boxer, Lance, to the US Army for service in World War II. By January 1944, he just had to know how Lance was doing, so he wrote a letter to the organization that had recruited his dog: "I love Lance very much and want to know if he is doing anything brave."

Lance was one of thousands of dogs donated by private owners to the US military for service in World War II. Americans willingly gave up their family pets for the war effort, and they seemed to feel honored to do so. Their dogs would serve on the American home front and overseas, protecting and saving thousands of civilian and military lives.

Dogs have gone to war since ancient times. Their acute senses, ability to be trained, devotion to humans, speed, agility, and vigilance have long made them ideal partners in combat. Despite this heritage, the United States had no official war dog training program until World War II. Even after the December 1941 Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, the US military needed coaxing to use dogs.

War Dogs for America

Arlene Erlanger, a nationally known dog breeder and exhibitor from New York, was way ahead of the War Department. Familiar with how other countries had used dogs in warfare, Erlanger recognized the potential advantage of a war dog program for the United States and set about making it happen. Several phone calls and meetings later, Dogs for Defense was born in January 1942, chaired by American Kennel Club director Harry I. Caesar. Dogs for Defense began contacting dog clubs and obedience trainers across the country to ask for help.



Almost simultaneously, the US Army's Quartermaster Corps identified an overwhelming need for sentry dogs to patrol war supply depots and US factories manufacturing war materiel. Sabotage had become a very real possibility, especially along the coasts. Dogs seemed like a natural way to beef up security, but the US military had never attempted a full-scale training program for sentry dogs. Its only official use of dogs had been as sled dogs.

It took another civilian group to bring the army and Dogs for Defense together. The American Theater Wing, a group of stage and screen performers known for supporting and entertaining US troops during World War I, would soon be famous for its popular Stage Door Canteens, free (and alcohol-free) nightclubs for servicemen. But before that, the Theater Wing, eager to contribute to the war effort, asked the military what it could do. The Quartermaster Corps thought the group might be the very organization to help procure and train its much-needed sentry dogs. The group had no facilities for such a mission, but actress and member Helen Menken, a lifelong dog-lover, heard of the Dogs for Defense training effort and contacted Erlanger. Then, in February 1942, with the blessing of Secretary of War Henry Stimson, the Quartermaster Corps approached Dogs for Defense and asked the group to procure and train dogs for sentry duty. The Dogs for Defense leaders agreed enthusiastically, and on March 13, 1942, dogs were officially inducted into the US Army.

Teaching Dogs—and Humans—New Tricks

The new Dogs for Defense program for turning house pets into military dogs was an experiment. Finding the best training methods and figuring out what duties dogs were best suited for took time. After three months of research, Dogs for Defense decided it was ready to begin training sentry dogs. Turning to clubs and breeders—and to its supporting partners, the Professional Handlers Association and the American Kennel Club—the group asked for help acquiring 200 dogs, for donations to help defray costs, and for kennels where training could take place. Erlanger and Caesar put up their own money to help finance the project.

Despite the valiant effort, problems soon arose. The kennels that Dogs for Defense used weren't big enough to train so many dogs, and the instructors lacked experience training dogs as sentries. Finally, in July 1942, the army took over the faltering training program and placed it under the Quartermaster Corps's Remount Branch, which managed the army's horses. Stimson also ordered the Quartermaster Corps to broaden the scope of its war dog program (known unofficially as the K-9 Corps). Dogs would now receive training not only as sentries, but as messengers, wire-layers, first-aid carriers, scouts, attack dogs, and trail dogs. Stimson directed the army's ground

PREVIOUS SPREAD: MARINE CORPS UNIVERSITY; RIGHT: LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

Previous spread: Adonis of Dean—*Private* Adonis of Dean—wears no uniform. But this Doberman pinscher is no less a marine than his handler is. He's at Camp Lejeune in New River, North Carolina, where he completed the war dog training program (a fact surely entered in his "dog record book"). Like most war dogs, he was originally a family pet. Above: The non-profit Dogs for Defense recruited most war dogs.



MARINE CORPS UNIVERSITY



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NATIONAL ARCHIVES

Top left: Dogs and marines stand outside Camp Lejeune's kennel in March 1943. Nearly all war dogs started out at army training centers. The marines then put their dogs through a specialized school to prepare them for Pacific combat. Top right: Combat training simulated battle conditions. Here, a marine leads his dog through smoke at Camp Lejeune. Above, left: Devil dogs—as marines called their canines, using a nickname often applied to marines themselves—leave a landing craft with handlers during training. Above, right: At Fort McPherson, Georgia, army military police worked with Togo, a guard dog. Togo, wearing early-war first sergeant stripes, seems unfazed by a "pinup" of Lassie.

forces and air forces "to explore the possibilities of using dogs advantageously in the various activities under their control." The Remount Branch would establish programs to train handlers and improve training practices, and the army would make sure its dog-training facilities were big enough to expand if the war dog program proved to be beneficial. Under this new strategy, Dogs for Defense stopped training war dogs and instead became responsible for acquiring dogs for the army.

In August 1942, the army set up War Dog Reception and Training Centers at existing Remount Branch depots across the country. These included the Front Royal Depot in Virginia and Fort Robinson in northwest Nebraska. Other training centers were established at Camp Rimini in Helena, Montana, a location used primarily to train sled and pack dogs; in San Carlos, California; and later at Cat Island in Gulfport, Mississippi. As the training progressed and the army decided to try preparing dogs for other purposes, such as mine detection, temporary centers opened at Beltsville, Maryland, and Fort Belvoir, Virginia. Eventually, training in mine detection shifted to San Carlos.

Uncle Sam Wants America's Pets

While the army worked to get its dog-training facilities up and running, Dogs for Defense launched a far-reaching publicity campaign to recruit war dogs. The group didn't stop at recruiting from breeders. It set out to enlist the help of ordinary, everyday Americans like young Eric Dahlberg. Headquartered in New York City, Dogs for Defense set up a nationwide network of regional directors and representatives. The *Chicago Daily Tribune*, the *New York Times*, the *Saturday Evening Post*, and *Time* reported on Dogs for Defense and laid out the basics of the war dog program. Coast to coast, groups raised funds for Dogs for Defense, helping pay for the organization's acquisition effort.

Erlanger and her group set out guidelines for acceptable dog



The wall in Camp Lejeune's canine obstacle course is about three times taller than the dog. But the dog clears it in a bound. The trainee is a German shepherd, a popular war dog breed along with Doberman pinschers, Belgian sheepdogs, farm collies, Siberian huskies, malamutes, and Eskimo dogs.

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breeds, specifications for age, weight, size, and even coloring. By 1944, there were seven preferred breeds: German shepherds, Belgian sheepdogs, Doberman pinschers, farm collies, Siberian huskies, malamutes, and Eskimo dogs. Crosses of these breeds were also acceptable. Dogs two years old or younger were easiest to train. Preferred colorings were gray, tan, or salt-and-pepper.

If a person wished to donate a dog, the first step was to contact a Dogs for Defense regional representative. The donor then filled out a questionnaire that determined whether the dog met the specifications for military service. If it did, the Dogs for Defense representative would inspect the dog, and if it met all the criteria, it was shipped off to a reception and training center for a more thorough inspection. Dogs that passed the final scrutiny stayed. Those that didn't went back home. If a dog was accepted, its donor was given the choice of having the dog returned after the war or letting the army determine its fate.

PUBLIC RESPONSE TO the war dog drive was overwhelming. Letters from every state and Hawaii flooded Dogs for Defense. Many came from young owners like Bobby Britton of Morgan Hill, California. "I am eight years old and live on a farm," he wrote. "I have a large Australian Shepherd dog about two and one-half years old that is a very good hunter and I think he would be good hunting Japs. He sure likes to kill skunks…. If you need a real good dog, I will loan you mine until the war's over."

Hollywood royalty including silent film great Mary Pickford and Western film star and adventurer Bruce Cabot donated dogs. Even a convict in Reading, Pennsylvania, unable to enlist himself, donated his pet dog that had been born in the prison. Each dog owner received a certificate from the War Department stating, "Appreciation is expressed for your patriotic action in donating your dog for use in connection with the armed forces of the United States."

Canine Boot Camp

WITH PLENTY OF DOGS to choose from, appropriate facilities, and trained dog-handling personnel, the Quartermaster Corps began preparing dogs for the army, navy, and coast guard. The goal, after ironing out the kinks, was to use the same training program at every facility. To help create a comprehensive approach, Erlanger wrote *TM 10-396*, the *War Dogs Technical Manual*. It covered everything from grooming to the psychology of dogs, principles of dog training, and specific techniques. There were discussions on how to train dogs for attack, sentry, scout, messenger, and casualty duty.

Later, the coast guard and marines devised training programs of their own, patterned after the army's program and using animals that had already completed the Quartermaster Corps's basic dog training. In late 1942 the marines conducted an experimental program at Camp Lejeune in North Carolina focused on preparing dogs to be fighters or landmine detectors, but abandoned the effort due to poor results.

Once a war dog arrived at its assigned camp, it was examined by a veterinarian and then put in quarantine for two weeks to ensure it was free from disease. Then, like its human counterparts

All Mettle, No Medal

UNCLE SAM HAD little problem handing out awards to America's men and women in uniform. But giving them to canines was another matter. Could a dog receive a Purple Heart? What about a Silver Star?

Some war dogs, like Chips—a German shepherd–collie–Siberian husky mix who was trained at Front Royal, Virginia—did receive medals during World War II. Chips served with the 3rd Military Police Platoon in the 3rd Infantry Division in North Africa, Sicily, Italy, France, and Germany.

Among other deeds, Chips helped his handler get off the beach on July 10, 1943, during the invasion of Sicily (code-named, yes, Operation Husky). When he and his master were pinned down by machine-gun fire, Chips suddenly raced ahead, into the enemy pillbox where the fire was coming from. Attacking fiercely, he drove the four-man Italian machine-gun crew out, and the stunned men were captured.



US ARMY

NATIONAL ARCHIVES

Chips (left), war dog hero of the 1943 invasion of Sicily, received the Purple Heart and Silver Star, but only temporarily. After Allied victory in Europe, the war-scarred veteran arrived home (right), a hero to his family.

Chips helped capture 10 more Italian soldiers that day and alerted his handler to hidden enemies more than once. He sustained a bullet wound, a scalp wound, and powder burns in the day's fighting.

Major General Lucian Truscott, the 3rd Division's commander, presented Chips with the Silver Star and the Purple Heart on November 19, 1943. The army, however, revoked the medals, stating that presenting such awards to animals was "contrary to Army policy." The War Department did relax its stance slightly in January 1944, allowing individual units to publish commendations of dogs in their general orders.

Medals or not, Chips had given all he had to the war effort. In December 1945, he was discharged and sent back to the States, rejoining his family in Pleasantville, New York. Seven months later, just six years old, he died, his health wrecked by his military service. His grave is in the Hartsdale Pet Cemetery in Hartsdale, New York. Disney made a TV movie about him, *Chips, the War Dog*, in 1990.

in the military, it went through basic training for approximately one month. It learned to obey gestures and verbal commands, got used to wearing gas masks and muzzles, learned to ride in vehicles, and became accustomed to gunfire. One trainer to four dogs seemed to be the best ratio for training.

After basic training, dogs were evaluated and then assigned to specialized training for 8 to 12 weeks based on their aptitudes. Sentry dogs required the least work. Dogs that were deemed exceptional went through more substantial training to become combat patrol scouts or message carriers. With the exception of messenger dogs, all dogs destined for the battlefield needed an attitude of aggression, because they had to be able to spot trouble. In contrast, it was loyalty and a desire above all to please their masters that was most sought in messenger dogs. For all war dogs, it was crucial that the animal and the serviceman who would handle it in the field were trained together as a team.



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Once training was complete, it was time for dog and master to show their stuff. Sentry dogs were assigned to military installations all around the United States. These included coastal defenses, air fields, arsenals, ammunition dumps, and even industrial plants. For sentry dogs assigned to coast guard beach patrols, the potential early-war threat of German U-boats and Japanese submarines along the Pacific and Atlantic coasts meant nonstop work. Lieutenant Commander Charles H. Gardiner, assistant chief of the coast guard's Beach Patrol Division, considered the dogs essential. "Trained sentry dogs make commando-type raids on our shores almost impossible!" he remarked.

War Dogs on Duty—and in Combat

THE COAST GUARD'S DOGS proved their usefulness early on. In November 1942, a Chesapeake Bay retriever named Dipsy Doodle helped recover 22 seamen in the ocean off New Jersey after a U-boat torpedoed their tanker. Another dog, Nora, almost certainly saved the life of her handler, coastguardsman Evans E. Mitchell, after he fainted while on patrol near Oregon Inlet, North Carolina. The German shepherd grabbed her master's cap, ran to the coast guard station, and led another coastguardsman to her master's side. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals awarded its bronze John P. Haines Medal for her deed.

Most WWII war dogs were sentry dogs, and they performed admirably overall. As war dog historian Anna M. Waller pointed out in her 1958 Quartermaster Corps publication *Dogs and National Defense*, "In many instances the use of dogs made it possible to reduce the number of human sentries and at the same time increase the efficiency of patrols, particularly when the post covered a large area." The superiority of the dogs' senses also made searching through hard-to-reach places much easier.

What about the war dogs that served in combat? Dogs went into battle for the first time in the spring of 1943, when the War Department general staff decided to see how a detachment of six scout dogs and two messenger dogs would do in the Pacific. Positive reports came back. Animals were put in forward and combat areas with reconnaissance patrols and did an excellent job of detecting hidden Japanese soldiers as far as 1,000 yards away, depending upon wind direction, terrain type, and other factors.



NATIONAL ARCHIVES

The November 1943 assault on the Japanese-held South Pacific island of Bougainville gave the first Marine War Dog Platoon, attached to the 2nd Marine Raider Regiment (Provisional), a chance to prove its mettle. The dogs, dubbed devil dogs after a WWI nickname for US marines, were Doberman pinschers and German shepherds. They fought for 83 days in Bougainville's harsh jungles, and dogs and handlers served well.

On the first day of operations on Bougainville, Japanese troops cut the telephone line that connected Company M to the 2nd

OPPOSITE MARINE CORPS UNIVERSITY

Above, left: The first Marine War Dog Platoon heads for the front on Bougainville in November 1943. The dogs pointed out hidden enemies and carried messages, saving many American lives. Above, right: It was dangerous work. This German shepherd was shot by a Japanese sniper on Bougainville. His marine partner is calming him while x-rays are taken (the x-ray unit is unseen here, above the photo's top edge). Sadly, the wound proved fatal. Opposite: The dogs and their handlers genuinely trusted one another. On deadly Iwo Jima in February 1945, Private Rez Hester of the 4th Marine Division felt safe enough to sleep, knowing that Butch, his war dog, was watching over him.



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Battalion command post. A German shepherd named Caesar became the only link, carrying captured Japanese papers and messages back to the command post. On his ninth run, Caesar was wounded by Japanese bullets. He recovered after medical treatment.

During the eighth night on Bougainville, a Doberman named Jack kept pointing his handlers to a tree near Company M's command post. In the morning, the marines spotted a Japanese sniper in the branches and brought him down with bullets from a Browning Automatic Rifle.

Clearly, the messenger and sentry dogs were proving invaluable. But they still didn't respond well to shelling and extensive gunfire. So, in 1944 the marines decided to rev up their training program for tactical dogs, hoping the dogs would "exhibit no fear or reaction in the presence of heavy gunfire."

Until March 1944, the dogs and handlers the marines trained for overseas duties were casual detachments. This changed when the War Department established the army Quartermaster War Dog Platoons, each made up of 18 scout dogs, 6 messenger dogs, and 20 enlisted men. The army fielded a total of 15 of these platoons. Seven went to Europe and eight to the Pacific, all to infantry units. Again, the Quartermaster Corps learned by trial and error. This time, the lesson was that message dogs weren't as important as silent scout dogs. So, in December 1944 the army dog units were renamed Infantry Scout Dog Platoons. Each platoon contained 27 dogs.

By mid-1944, Allied victory at sea made it unnecessary for sentry dogs to patrol America's coastlines. The need for dogs guarding war plants had also diminished. As a result, the Quartermaster Corps concentrated all army dog training at Nebraska's Fort Robinson and focused mostly on scout dogs.

Dogs as Veterans at War's End

DOGS FOR DEFENSE TURNED OVER the procurement of dogs to the Quartermaster Corps in March 1945. The organization had

Top: The War Dog Platoon's Bougainville survivors march in review at Camp Lejeune. Watching are other war dogs and the camp's bulldog mascot. Above: Private First Class Broadus Blakely and his dog have learned the answer to the question under "Peleliu" and "Okinawa" on their unit's sign: home! Before the atom bombs struck Japan in August 1945, marines feared they'd be sent there. Opposite, top: Private First Class Butch stands at the grave of Private First Class Skipper on Guam. The National War Dog Cemetery is today part of Guam's US naval base. Opposite, center: War dogs and 3rd Division marines head out on a night patrol to protect an Iwo Jima command post in March 1945.



RIGHT: MARINE CORPS UNIVERSITY. INSET: NATIONAL ARCHIVES



acquired 18,000 dogs through donations, and approximately 10,000 dogs had completed training. Most were trained as sentries. Scout dogs constituted the next largest group.

Not all war dogs returned home after the war ended. Many had given their lives protecting their handlers and the soldiers and marines they guarded. Others had succumbed to disease or died in accidents.

When the Quartermaster Corps began to demobilize the army's K-9 Corps, it returned the dogs to their civilian owners, but only if the dogs were fit for civilian life. The dogs went through a demilitarizing process that included thorough obedience training and a series of tests. If the dogs passed the tests, they were offered back to their original owners, if the owners wanted them.

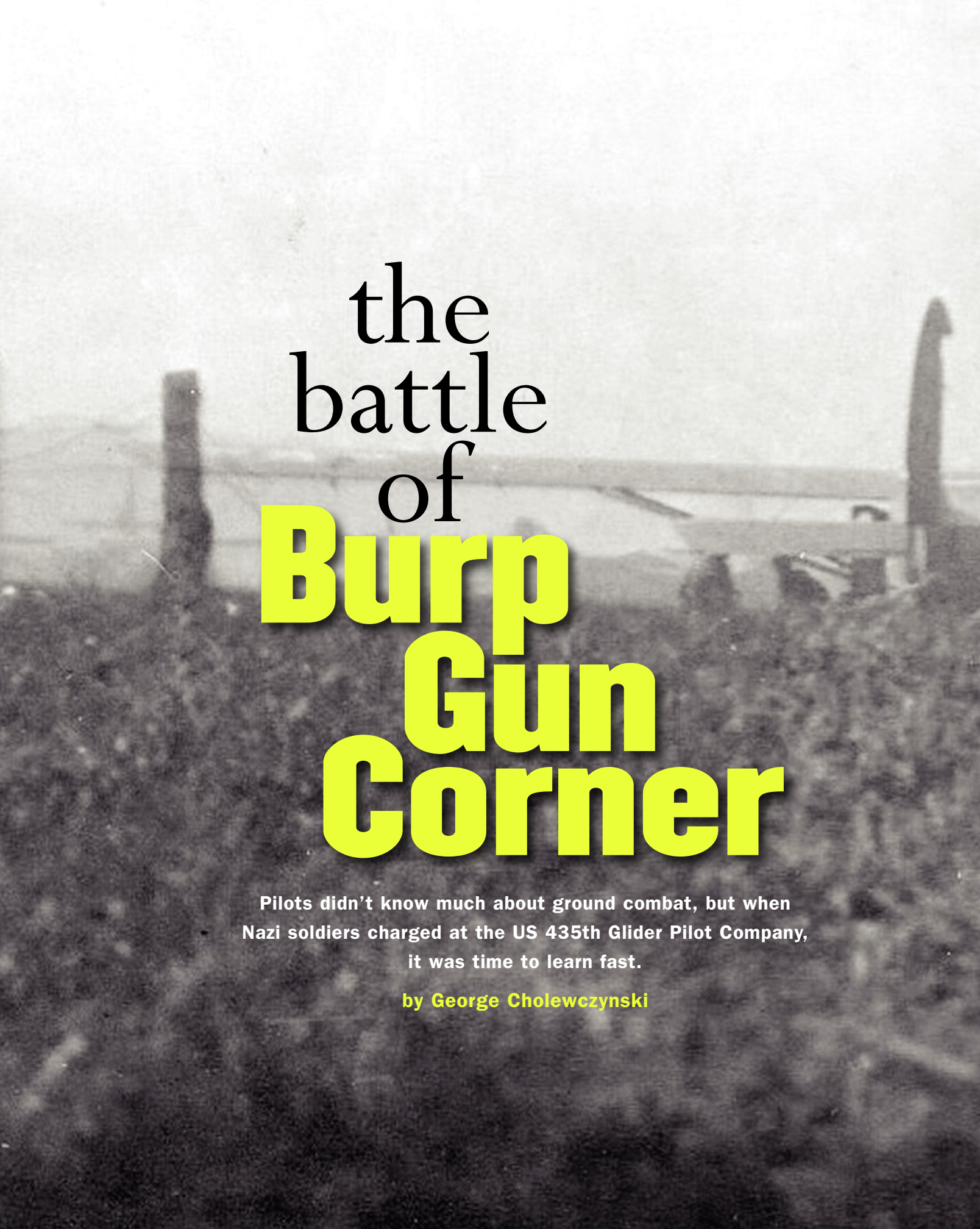
Upon the return of these canine veterans of war, letters from happy dog owners poured in to the Quartermaster Corps. "Thank you for your good care and training of our dog Mike," wrote Mrs. Edward Jo Conally of Utah. "He knew all of us and still remembers the tricks he knew before he entered the service." Mrs. Herbert E. Allen of Washington wrote, "I want to thank you for the wonderful dog [Smarty] you returned to us…. It was a genuine sacrifice for Herbie to donate his dog to the armed forces, but now he is receiving his reward by receiving a dog more beautiful and better trained than he ever thought possible."

Some handlers grew very attached to their dogs and were allowed to keep them. Private First Class James M. White wrote to the owner of his dog and asked permission to adopt her. "During the past months Judy and I have been through a lot together and I have become very fond of her," White explained. "I would like to have her after the war." Judy's owner said OK.

Only a small percentage of the war dogs were deemed unfit to be returned to their owners. Most of these were euthanized. Unfortunately, the marines did not have a good system in place for demilitarizing their dogs, and many suffered that fate. Thankfully, Captain William W. Putney, a US Marine Corps veterinarian, intervened, starting a successful program to reunite many dogs with their families.

Overall, the experimental war dog program had been a success, showing both the US military and the American public what many dog enthusiasts already knew: dogs could save lives and be an integral part of winning the war. The dogs' unwavering loyalty to their handlers made them invaluable. Eric Dahlberg and thousands of owners like him could rest easy. Their dogs had not only performed brave and remarkable feats. They had also helped win World War II. ★

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the battle of Burp Gun Corner

Pilots didn't know much about ground combat, but when Nazi soldiers charged at the US 435th Glider Pilot Company, it was time to learn fast.

by George Cholewczynski



Rifle in hand, a US glider pilot surveys a landing zone at Wesel, Germany, in March 1945. He and the men exiting the glider ahead were from the 435th Glider Pilot Company. They all had survived German anti-aircraft fire and landed safely, but now what?

PHOTO BY FLIGHT OFFICER BILL HORN. COURTESY OF BARBARA WOODS AND HANS DEN BROK

the battle of Burp Gun Corner

by George Cholewczynski

Corporal Jack Levin watched from a Douglas C-47 transport plane as American gliders drifted across the smoke-veiled German frontier on March 24, 1945. "We were down to 700 feet and that was low enough to hear the rifles crack," he wrote in *Yank*, the US Army's weekly magazine. "But now our motors roared with new speed that came from the lightened load [after cutting loose the glider in tow], and the pilot gunned her through the sky that was spotted with ugly black and white air bursts…. I sweated and wanted to live. It wasn't until we passed the Rhine on the way back that I relaxed. Then I remembered that, after all, what I had been through was the easiest part of it. Somewhere back there on the ground were 'just another Pole' and 'just another guy from Philly.' And with them were a lot of others."

Among those "others" were the glider pilots of the 435th Troop Carrier Group. They were a tiny portion of a huge force of Allied paratroopers and glider infantrymen outside the city of Wesel participating in Operation Varsity, an Allied airborne attempt to get a foothold on the German side of the Rhine, and they were about to find themselves in a tight and unfamiliar spot.

Who Wants to Fly a Glider?

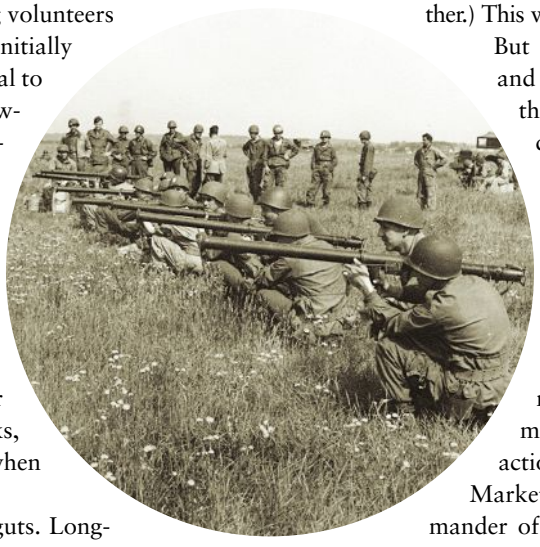
By the final months of World War II, American glider pilots had come a long way. In 1941 the military value of gliders, which facilitated the delivery of heavy weapons alongside airborne infantry, had been obvious. But if the US Army Air Corps had no trouble filling the cockpits of fighters and bombers with gung-ho pilots, it had no such luck finding volunteers to fly its ungainly gliders. The air corps initially called for 1,000 pilots, then upped that total to 6,000. As the war came to America, however, there were less than 200 licensed glider pilots, and only 24 certified instructors, in the entire country.

To get the trainees it needed, the air corps relaxed its requirements. Now it would accept overage and undereducated men, as well as would-be fliers who had flunked out of training to fly bombers and fighters. On average, glider flight training would last just six weeks, with trainees handling weapons only when doing ground drills.

Flying the flimsy-skinned gliders took guts. Long-time National Football League coach Marv Levy reflected in his 2004 autobiography on his brushes with gliders during his wartime stint as a weather observer at Apalachicola Army Airfield in Florida. "It may seem to you that I had pretty soft duty," he wrote, "but let me tell you a thing or two. I didn't have a safe minute in all the time I was there. Between the glider pilot trainees who kept crashing into our barracks and the boredom, I feel lucky to have survived."

Looked down on by the better-trained pilots of powered planes, the men with the G in the center of their pilot's wings quickly developed pugnacious attitudes. With pride, and with good reason, they bluntly told people that the G stood for guts. Then they proved it, beginning with the nearly disastrous air-assault phase of the July 1943 Allied invasion of Sicily. The epic D-Day landings in Europe on June 6, 1944, proved even more hair-raising for glider pilots, many of whose aircraft were smashed beyond salvage in French hedgerows or obstacle-filled fields.

All the trouble and risk may have been worth it, however, as gliders were able to deliver not only heavy weapons and vehicles into combat zones, but also full groups of infantrymen ready to fight as units. (Paratroopers, on the other hand, landed individually and had to link up with others on the ground before they could take action together.) This was a major asset for airborne warfare.



But if glider infantry regiments had clear-cut and crucial work to do once on the ground, the men who flew the slow-moving aircraft did not. The pilots had orders simply to protect their planes until they could be evacuated from the combat zone. Those orders began to change after Allied airborne operations in southern France (Operation Dragoon) in August 1944 and in Holland (Operation Market Garden) a month later. The destruction of so many gliders in these assaults convinced many pilots to seek other duty, including action with combat units. After the failure of Market Garden, General James Gavin, commander of the 82nd Airborne Division, said, "I do not believe there is anyone in the combat area more eager and anxious to do the correct thing and yet so completely, individually and collectively, incapable of doing it, than the glider pilots…. I feel very keenly that the glider pilot problem at the moment is one of our greatest unsolved problems. I believe now that they should be assigned to airborne units, take training with and have a certain number of hours allocated for flight training." Though initially rejected, Gavin's suggestions did get his superiors thinking about training glider pilots for ground combat.

RIGHT: PHOTO BY HOWARD PARKS. COURTESY OF HANS DEN BROK

Above: In the fall of 1944, the US Army Air Forces began training glider pilots to handle various infantry weapons, including bazookas. These skills would come in handy in the ground fight at Wesel. Opposite, top: American gliders take off from the airfield at Bretigny, France, two weeks before the landings at Wesel. Opposite, inset: Waves of Douglas C-47 transport planes towing gliders soar over the heads of American paratroopers in a painting commissioned for a promotional calendar put out by aircraft engine maker Pratt and Whitney.



US AIR FORCE PHOTO, COURTESY OF HANS DEN BROK



COURTESY OF GEORGE CHOLEWCZYNSKI

Meanwhile, the glut of qualified pilots for powered planes was growing. By mid-1944 there simply were not enough fighters, bombers, and transport planes to go around. At the same time, more glider pilots were needed to carry out the ambitious plans of the US Army Air Forces (as the US Army Air Corps was now called), including a massive effort targeting Berlin that was dubbed Operation Eclipse.

Fighter Pilots Learn to Glide

CHANGING AMERICAN WAR NEEDS meant surprising new roles for many pilots. Among those young men was Richard Jasionkowski. On August 4, 1944, the 19-year-old received his flight officer's bars and the silver wings of an air forces pilot. Brought up on a steady diet of *Flying Aces* and other aviation magazines, Jasionkowski had relished his training in a Curtiss P-40 Warhawk fighter and was eager to join the ranks of legendary WWI aces such as the American Eddie Rickenbacker and French René Fonck. But when he reported to South Plains Army Air Force Base in Lubbock, Texas, he and other bewildered pilots learned that they were there for a two-week glider course. They received a brief explanation: you are "going overseas to Europe, for one very important mission, and one mission alone, and then you are coming back home." After a mere four hours of actual glider flight, they received the wings with the G in the middle, which they pinned on beneath their hard-earned power pilot's wings.

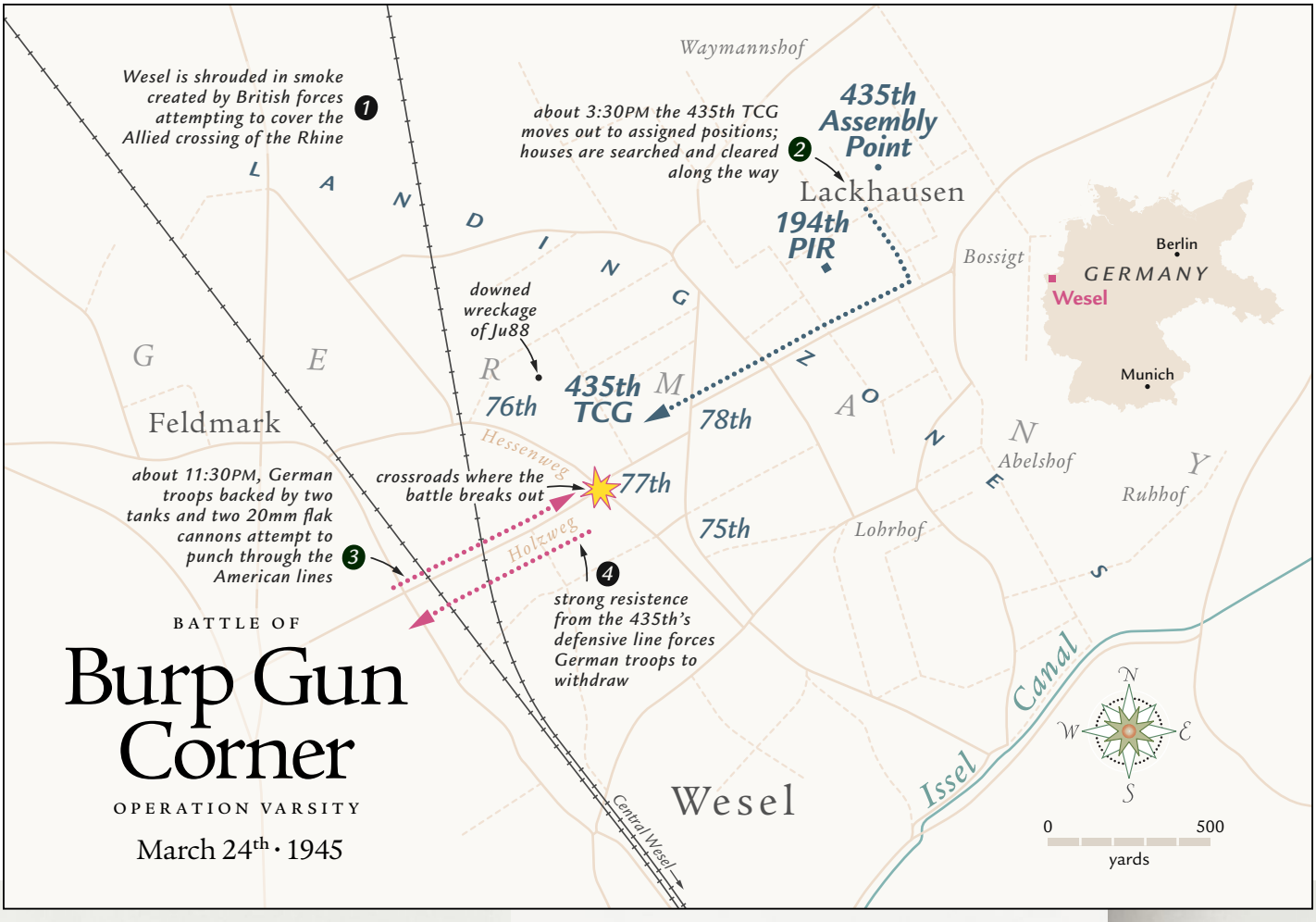
IN NOVEMBER 1944, Flight Officer Jasionkowski and his fellow dual-trained pilots reported to the veteran 435th Troop Carrier Group in England, where they got another surprise. Because the group's four units—the 75th, 76th, 77th, and 78th Troop Carrier Squadrons—already had plenty of trained pilots, newly arrived pilots would fly as co-pilots on the C-47 transports that towed American Waco gliders packed with infantry, jeeps, and other equipment. Jasionkowski, who was assigned to the 76th Squadron, recalled, "[I] wiped the sweat off of my brow, and started on-the-job training as a C-47 jockey."

First, however, those powered-plane pilots trained to fly gliders were dispatched to 17th Airborne Division facilities in southern England for 28 days of work with weapons, including mortars and .50-caliber machine guns. They also learned basic infantry skills: reading maps, scouting and patrolling, using camouflage, building field fortifications, and operating as part of rifle platoons. From now on, glider pilots who landed safely would assemble by squadrons to gather supplies, guard prisoners, or perform other useful services under the direction of an airborne officer. US Army Air Forces policy was not to commit its personnel to battle except in "extreme emergency, and then only in a defensive role."

Gliding across the Rhine

BY LATE JANUARY 1945, American forces had repulsed the last-ditch German offensive in the Ardennes, ending what would be known as the Battle of the Bulge. After pausing to rest, reorganize, and resupply, they resumed the march toward Adolf Hitler's sacred Rhine River. In early March, US First Army forces seized the Ludendorff Bridge at Remagen and secured a bridgehead on the Rhine's eastern bank. Shortly thereafter elements of Lieutenant General George S. Patton's Third Army established a crossing near Oppenheim.

To the north, Field Marshal Bernard Montgomery, commanding Twenty-First Army Group, settled on a plan to cross the northern Rhine near the city of Wesel. Code-named Operation



BATTLE OF

Burp Gun Corner

OPERATION VARSITY

March 24th · 1945

DREAMLINE CARTOGRAPHY/DAVID DEIS







Plunder, it would require a momentous airborne effort dubbed Operation Victory that included two airborne divisions, the US 17th and the British 6th (with the short-handed US 13th in reserve). The carefully crafted plan would feature a jump behind enemy lines, but within range of Allied artillery. British fighter-bombers would hammer enemy anti-aircraft positions and seal off the assault area and landing zones north of Wesel. Royal Air Force Bomber Command would then pulverize the city itself. Under the cover of darkness, troops of the British Second and US Ninth Armies would begin crossing the Rhine. Then the paratroopers of both airborne divisions would make their drops.

In a break from past assaults, when gliders were withheld until after enemy troops were off balance, this time gliders would drift into the combat area at the same time. The Americans would send 906 Waco CG-4A models towed by C-47s. Because of the shortage of C-47s—610 would be available for the mission—many would pull two gliders instead of one, making for tricky takeoffs. The British would use 440 Horsa gliders, which had twice the capacity of the Wacos, and 38 large Hamilcar gliders, each of which was big enough to carry a light tank and other heavy equipment. Additional C-46s and C-47s would deliver paratroopers. The entire force would number about 21,000 men.

Built around the 507th and 513th Parachute Infantry Regiments, the 17th Airborne had seen heavy action in the Ardennes fight. One of its two glider infantry regiments, the 193rd, had suffered enough losses to be deactivated. Its survivors were folded into its sister regiment, the 194th. Concerned that glider units were still short of men, Captain Charles O. Gordon, glider operations officer of the 435th Troop Carrier Group, volunteered his glider pilots to man a sector of the American perimeter once it was

consolidated. This exclusive group of fighting airmen would operate as the 435th Glider Pilot Company.

Operation Varsity Takes Off

German Field Marshal Albert Kesselring knew a significant attack was coming. The lengthy Allied buildup in the area had been unmistakable. From their trenches, Kesselring's troops had watched British forces set up smoke-screen generators on the Rhine's western banks. The German defenders had been weakened by supply shortages and Allied bombing, but they were well equipped with anti-aircraft batteries, from quick-firing 20mm guns to the infamous 88mm.

The Allied operation began with a heavy British artillery barrage on the night of March 23. The following morning, Jasionkowski, who had trained to fly C-47s only to be returned to glider duty, took his seat as copilot of a Waco and prepared for a long day. The pilot, Second Lieutenant Archie Steen, a veteran of three glider assaults, told him, "Just keep cool and listen to me." Their glider carried a team of four glider artillerists and a howitzer whose barrel extended into the cramped cockpit.

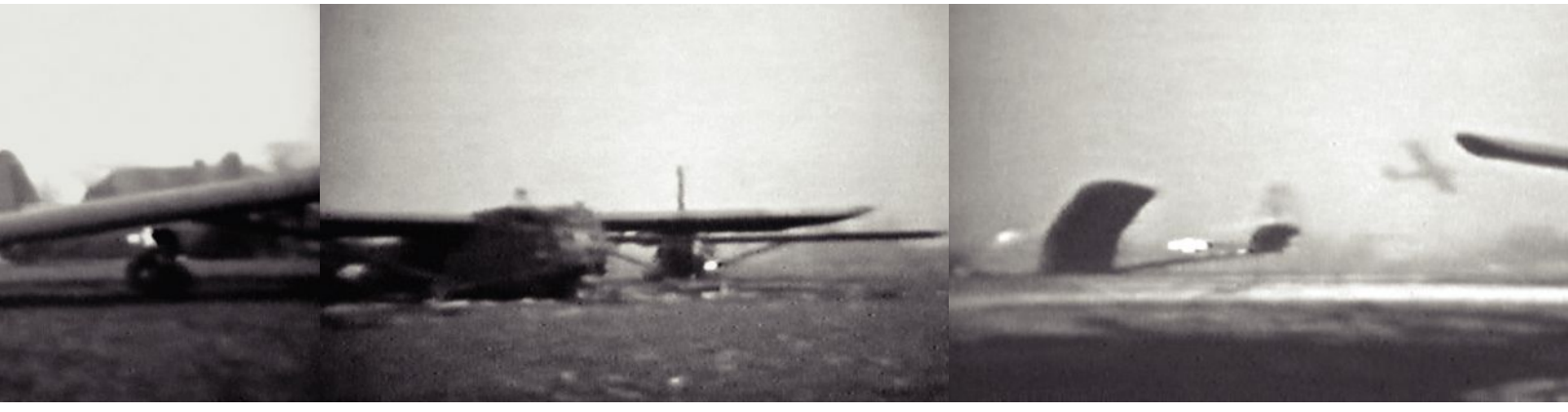
"We departed at about 8:19 in the morning," Jasionkowski remembered. "The C-47s roared down the runway, tightening their tow ropes, and gradually picked up speed. Every inch of the runway was used before we lifted into the air. Our two gliders bucked and strained at their towropes as the combination of crosswind and prop wash [propeller turbulence] tossed them from side to side. In front of us and behind us were tow planes and gliders farther than I could see. Occasionally the sun rays would pick up an aircraft and turn it into a dazzling reflection."

If the aircrews appreciated the pleasant visuals, the scenery didn't make the takeoffs any less dangerous. "It was picturesque until the first glider fell," Jasionkowski said. "It broke loose from its tow plane, and it immediately began circling for an emergency landing. But ain't they all emergency landings in gliders? Then, about 200 feet above the earth, its wings buckled, and it dived nose down into the ground. No one got out."

The 435th Troop Carrier Group departed from its base in Bretigny, France, with hundreds of Allied fighters for protection. Less than three hours later the waves of transports and their precious towed cargoes crossed over the Rhine. Looking down, American airmen were shocked to see "a great low cloud of artificial smoke blanketing the river for 65 miles. Beneath it US and British troops were swarming across the river in oceangoing landing craft, assault boats, and amphibious tanks. In front of it the Ruhr [Valley] was a vast hall of smoke pillars."

The acrid gray-white mix of smoke produced by explosives and the British generators veiled the landing zones. It also limited Allied efforts to knock out German anti-aircraft guns, which focused on the equipment-filled gliders rather than the tow planes. The C-47 lugging First Lieutenant Jack E. Lambrecht's Waco was struck by 20mm shells, and he cut loose at 800 feet. Amid heavy small-arms fire and bursts of shrapnel, Lambrecht put his glider into a soft left turn and set it down in a recently plowed field.

Jasionkowski saw flak "as thick as the candles on Grandma's cake." His glider started taking hits but "landed swiftly and safely in a field where there was a lot of opposition, including machine guns, sniper fire, and automatic fire of all types." Even before his aircraft came to a full stop, the men in the back had jettisoned its passenger doors and leaped out. "Let's get the hell out of here!" bellowed Lieutenant Steen. Jasionkowski recalled, "[I] could hear and see the bullets coming through the glider, but I was stuck with my belt and equipment, and finally tumbled out of the cockpit and lay still. Never having been exposed to fire of any sort, I was absolutely confused as to what was going on."



All around Jasionkowski, American gliders were gliding down through clouds of smoke either to bump down safely in broad pastures or splinter amid heavy patches of woods and fences in Landing Zone S. Despite the poor visibility and dense German fire from the ground, most of the cargo-laden aircraft came down in or near the assigned area. "At this point it appeared that some of the Germans were holed up in one of the barns," Jasionkowski recalled. "Everyone on the ground was shooting at it. I was equipped with a .45 automatic and a 'grease gun' submachine gun [M3]. I fired the magazine and somehow things started quieting down. All of a sudden one of the airborne men had captured a

Opposite and above: This series of stills comes from film shot by Captain Charles Gordon, glider operations officer of the 435th Troop Carrier Group. Gordon's glider landed safely at Wesel in March 1945, and soon afterward he pulled out his camera to capture the continuing landings.

PHOTOS BY CHARLES GORDON. COURTESY OF HANS DEN BROK

German soldier. He put him on the front of his jeep just like a hood ornament. There he was driving the German—who had his hands up in the air—all around the field, not giving a damn. That guy sure gave us a lot of confidence."

Not far away, Lambrecht was having his own issues. Packed into his Waco was a jeep, which, thanks to German fire, required an hour to extricate. But by the afternoon, things had quieted down, and the scattered Americans were hustling off to their assembly points. The men of the 435th were ordered south to join elements of the 17th Airborne, which were consolidating positions northeast of Wesel.

On Wesel's outskirts, in the village of Lackhausen, the roughly 300 men of the 435th Glider Pilot Company slipped into what had been German trenches. Facing Wesel, the little outfit's thin line ran from northwest to southeast, with the 76th Squadron (unofficially designated as the 2nd Platoon during ground operations) on the right, the 77th (3rd Platoon) in the center, and the 75th (1st Platoon) holding the left. Two batteries of the 681st Glider Field Artillery supported the force. The 78th Squadron (4th Platoon) was held to the rear in reserve.

"We were in a precarious position and cut [off] from news from other platoons, but stuck and sweated it out," he recalled. Late that night, as he busily tried to contact the 435th's command post on his walkie-talkie, a twin-engine plane roared frighteningly low over his position. It struck a high-tension wire, cartwheeled across the ground, and came to a stop after colliding with a parked glider. Dispatched to investigate, Lambrecht's assistant platoon leader returned with word that the wreck was a German Ju88 night-fighter.

Then, out of the blackness that shrouded the road leading to Wesel, came the ominous rumble of a German tank. Some 60 to 200 German troops chased by Allied infantry were desperately trying to escape to the east. They opened fire with a 20mm anti-aircraft cannon, and the heavy rounds exploded around the American line. They added bursts of small-arms fire, mostly from Schmeisser MP40 submachine guns, commonly called "burp guns."

VEERING NORTH TO AVOID incoming fire from the 75th, the Germans ran into a similar welcome from the 77th and 76th Squadrons. The attackers added mortar fire to the mix, setting a downed glider ablaze before one of two tanks roared into the intersection and fired—wiping out an American .50-caliber machine-gun nest. "We were more than confident that the jig was up," Flight Officer Albert M. Hurley of the 77th Squadron later reported. "But we knew they would never take us prisoners so we were going to fight to the finish.... [A German tank] finally came through the cross roads and was up within 15 feet of our m/g [machine-gun] trench when a bazooka hit him from the left side of the road. He then backed up and fired at our gun positions. We had opened fire in the meantime and cut down his company.... Things were plenty snafu."

The timely bazooka shot had come from Hurley's platoon mate, Flight Officer Elbert D. Jella. It hit the tank's right side, setting the tread on fire. The tank hastily reversed, crushing one of the two



PHOTO BY RAY STULL COURTESY OF HANS DEN BROK

The line straddled an intersection of two roads, one of which was a main road from Wesel. The 435th carried mostly small arms and .30-caliber machine guns, but there were also bazooka squads set up on each side of the intersection. Nearby, paratroopers manned an anti-tank gun, and other units, .50-caliber machine guns. It all came together to make a unique moment in American military history: the first deployment of an all-officer infantry unit.

US Pilots Fight on Foot

THE EARLY EVENING HOURS passed quietly, but the thickening darkness brought tension—and a series of nasty surprises. For Lieutenant Lambrecht, in command of the 76th Squadron, and whose field phone quickly went dead, it was especially taxing.

Opposite, inset: First Lieutenant Jack E. Lambrecht, commander of the 76th Troop Carrier Squadron, one of the glider pilot units from the 435th that fought at Wesel. Above: The morning after the combat, human and mechanical wreckage fills the crossroads soon dubbed "Burp Gun Corner." Opposite, top: With Wesel safely in Allied hands a few weeks after the fight, a C-47 takes off towing a Waco glider.



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COURTESY OF HANS DEN BROK

German 20mm guns in the process. Convinced of the threat before them, the frustrated Germans withdrew.

A Victory for Glider Forces

IF THE BRUNT OF the German attack had fallen on the 77th, the flanking platoons had been no less engaged. Meanwhile, the enemy threat remained. "Listening to them rumble away licking their wounds, and not knowing where they would again strike, it was decided to withdraw and strengthen the next line of defense," Lambrecht later wrote. But no further German attacks came.

Daylight revealed a crossroads littered with at least a dozen German bodies. Forty-five wounded were spread over the area. The two German tanks were nowhere to be seen, but the surviving 20mm anti-aircraft gun lay on the ground abandoned.

Allied losses for Operation Varsity as a whole were worse. The 435th lost 3 glider pilots killed and 2 wounded. The US IX Troop Carrier Command lost 12 gliders and 26 of the C-46s used to transport the 17th Airborne. Casualties among aircrews totaled 41 dead and more than 300 wounded or missing. Paratrooper losses were considerably higher.

Despite all the Allied casualties, the operation was an immediate success. The airborne landings secured ground through which Montgomery's armies quickly plunged, adding their might to an unstoppable Allied drive into Germany's heart. The story of the 435th Glider Pilot Company's stand outside Wesel spread quickly after the US Army newspaper *Stars and Stripes* ran an article headlined "The Battle of Burp Gun Corner." The men received pointed, official praise from the commander of the US Ninth Air Force, Lieutenant General Lewis Brereton. "The conduct of glider pilots, in general is beyond written words of commendation," he declared.

But the story was soon drowned out by louder headlines, and the short lifespan of the US glider service neared its end. Germany's defeat did not require the impending Operation Eclipse assault on Berlin. The last American combat glider mission was flown over the island of Luzon in the Philippines on June 23, 1945. During the Korean War, helicopters would take over the gliders' role in airlift missions.

By then Major Charles Gordon, whose advocacy of the 435th's combat value had made history, had finally been decorated with the Silver Star. Fifty years later, Silver or Bronze Stars were approved for each of the group's glider pilots who took part in the little-known Battle of Burp Gun Corner. ★

GEORGE CHOLEWCZYNSKI, *owner of the publishing company Walka Books in New Orleans, writes regularly about battles for* America in WWII.


talking treason



Tokyo Rose was Japan's radio voice to GIs in the Pacific, so the US Army threw her in jail.

But was this Japanese American a traitor or a scapegoat?

by Chuck Lyons

Iva Toguri D'Aquino, known to servicemen in the Pacific—and to the FBI—as Tokyo Rose, sits at her Radio Tokyo microphone. Most Yanks who tuned in the young Japanese American's show enjoyed the music she played. Few thought she was a traitor; her humor made them laugh.

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talking treason

by Chuck Lyons

Iva Toguri D'Aquino was finally heading home from Japan. She had been stuck there since 1941, trapped at the outbreak of World War II. She looked Japanese. She spoke Japanese. But she was American through and through, born and bred, a full-fledged citizen. She was eager to get back on US soil, back to the land that was her home.

Unfortunately for D'Aquino, she was going home as a prisoner. To her accusers, she was Tokyo Rose, Japan's English-speaking radio propagandist. That, said the authorities, made her a traitor to her country. D'Aquino didn't see it that way. Neither did many US servicemen who had listened to her broadcasts in the Pacific. Nevertheless, she would pay a heavy price and bear the stigma of being labeled a traitor.

A Bad Time to Visit Japan

Born Iva Ikuko Toguri in Los Angeles on the Fourth of July 1916, D'Aquino was the child of Japanese immigrants. Her father had come to the United States in 1899 and her mother in 1913. Growing up in Southern California, D'Aquino was a Girl Scout and attended a Methodist church. In January 1940 she graduated from the University of California–Los Angeles with a degree in zoology. She then did graduate studies there and worked in her parents' small import business. She was a registered Republican and was reported to have voted for Wendell Willkie for president in 1940.

On July 5, 1941, the day after her 25th birthday, D'Aquino sailed for Japan, sent by her parents to care for an aunt who was bedridden and suffering from diabetes and high blood pressure. By November, frightened by the steady deterioration of relations between Japan and the United States, she began making preparations to return home. On December 7, 1941, however, Japan attacked the US naval installation at Pearl Harbor, Hawaii. Suddenly, the United States was at war with the Japanese Empire. D'Aquino was trapped in Japan.

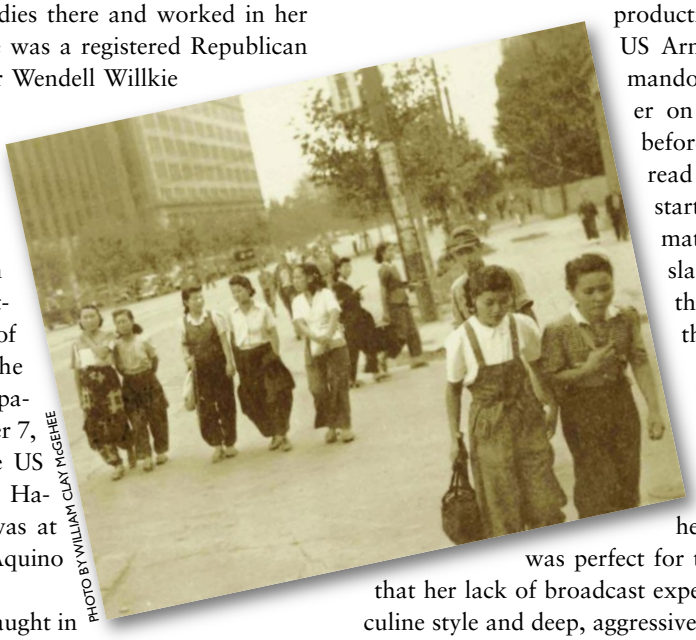


PHOTO BY WILLIAM CLAY McGEHEE

Like many Japanese Americans caught in Japan at the war's outset, D'Aquino was pressured by Japanese authorities to renounce her US citizenship, which she refused to do. "A tiger does not change its stripes," she was reported to have said. As a result, she was declared an enemy alien.

D'Aquino remained at her aunt's home until neighbors, afraid they were harboring an American spy in their midst, pressured her to move away. So she enrolled in a Japanese language and culture school to improve her language skills, moved into a boardinghouse, and found part-time work with Japan's Domei Tsushinsha (Federated News Agency) transcribing English-language radio broadcasts.

Recruited for Radio

Meanwhile, in the February 1942 conquest of Singapore, the Japanese had captured Major Charles Hughes Cousens, a British-born Australian infantry officer who had been a radio celebrity in Sydney before the war. Forced to manage English-language broadcasting for Radio Tokyo, Cousens was given the task of developing a professional-quality shortwave program that would help lower the morale of Allied troops in the Pacific. The result was *The Zero Hour*, which debuted in March 1943.

The *Zero Hour* ran daily except Sundays from 6 to 7:15 p.m. Tokyo time. Two fellow prisoners of war joined Cousens in the production: Captain Wallace Ince of the US Army and Filipino Lieutenant Normando Reyes, who had worked together on an Allied propaganda program before being captured. The three men read Japanese-prepared scripts at the start, but soon were writing their own material, peppering it with American slang, clever puns, and wordplay that they believed would sabotage the Japanese propaganda effort.

By late 1943 D'Aquino had befriended Cousens and other POWs and was smuggling food and medicine to them. That November, Cousens recruited her as a broadcaster, believing she was perfect for the job. He later said he thought that her lack of broadcast experience, "combined with her masculine style and deep, aggressive voice…would definitely preclude any possibility of her creating the homesick feeling which the Japanese Army were forever trying to foster." She accepted his offer, but later testified that she did so only after receiving assurances that she would not have to broadcast anti-American propaganda or say anything against the United States.

With D'Aquino's acceptance of the role, the legend of Tokyo Rose was born. On air, she called herself "Ann" and later "Orphan Annie," a reference to the popular *Little Orphan Annie*

Above: The Radio Tokyo building stands in the left background of this Tokyo street scene photographed in 1945 after the Allied occupation had begun. D'Aquino worked there as a propaganda broadcaster, recruited not by the Japanese but by American POWs she was aiding. Forced to create propaganda, the POWs deliberately spiked their scripts with jokes to undermine the enemy's message. Opposite: After experiencing the thrill of hope when Japan fell to the Allies, D'Aquino learned she would not be going home. She became a military prisoner, accused of treason.



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comic strip and perhaps to "orphans," the nickname given to Australian troops separated from their divisions in battle. She performed in comedy sketches using American slang, introduced swing records, and made what some later called "propaganda statements." Other broadcasters filled out the hour with American "news" items and commentary. D'Aquino earned 150 yen per month (about $7, which would be nearly $100 today) and was said to have used some of it to buy food that she then smuggled to Allied POWs.

The Japanese intended D'Aquino's propaganda broadcasts to demoralize the US servicemen who listened to them. But D'Aquino often reported the "news" tongue-in-cheek, subtly mocking the Japanese. Along with Cousens and the other Allied POWs at the station, she used her air time to undermine the messages she was supposed to be delivering. In a February 1944 broadcast, for instance, she said, "Hello there Enemies, how's tricks? This is Ann of Radio Tokyo, and we're just going to begin our regular program of music, news and the *Zero Hour* for our friends—I mean our enemies—in Australia and the South Pacific. All set? Okay here's the first blow at your morale, the Boston Pops playing 'Strike Up the Band.'" In another broadcast D'Aquino announced that she was about to "creep up and annihilate [you] with my nail file." She subtly ridiculed the Japanese with such un-English phrasing as "You are liking, please?" and even warned her audience that her program contained "dangerous and wicked propaganda, so beware."

Many US servicemen in the Pacific got the joke. "I remember many happy nights in our tent in New Guinea listening to the *Zero Hour*," a B-24 gunner wrote after the war. "Our flight surgeon told us that if you could listen to her and enjoy the music, laugh at her news broadcasts and her comments about 4-Fs

[draftees medically disqualified from military service] running around with your wives and sweethearts back home, you are in no danger of cracking up."

But some servicemen heard threat and malice in D'Aquino's broadcasts. Of special concern to American intelligence was what seemed to be inside information about troop and ship movements and locations.

Becoming Tokyo Rose

NEITHER D'AQUINO NOR ANY of the other women broadcasters at Radio Tokyo ever referred to themselves as "Tokyo Rose." Allied servicemen who listened to the station came up with the name. Even the Foreign Broadcast Intelligence Service (FBIS), the US agency responsible for monitoring enemy broadcasts, announced at one point that the name was an American "invention."

But it was more complicated than that. As historian Ann Elizabeth Pfau writes in her 2008 online book *Miss Yourlovin: GIs, Gender, and Domesticity during World War II*, "Tokyo Rose was an American creation, a female villain who articulated emotions the servicemen were unable or unwilling to acknowledge. Her reputed threats catalogued their fears. Her legendary prescience reflected their feelings of powerlessness. Her taunting words articulated their sexual anxieties. Her accusations against American civilians, especially women, were their own."

In other words, the poison that some American servicemen attributed to the so-called Tokyo Rose—auguries of doom, hints of coming attacks, terrifying rumors, and implications that wives and girlfriends back home were having love affairs—may have come not from any actual broadcast, but from the difficult emotions that welled up in men fighting the grueling Pacific war. That may explain why some men recalled hearing treasonous talk from "Tokyo Rose" while others did not.


YANK
THE ARMY WEEKLY
Second-Hand ROSE

AMERICA IN WWII COLLECTION

D'Aquino didn't know the trouble she was in when she gave the interview that became the basis for this article in the October 19, 1945, issue of *Yank*. She was arrested soon afterward.

A Homecoming Delayed

ON APRIL 19, 1945, D'Aquino married fellow Radio Tokyo employee Felipe D'Aquino (sometimes known as Felipe Aquino), a Portuguese citizen of Japanese-Portuguese ancestry. Four months later, after atomic bombs were dropped on the Japanese cities of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, Japan surrendered and the war was over.

In September, Iva D'Aquino accepted an offer of $2,000 in exchange for an exclusive interview with journalists Harry T. Brundidge of *Cosmopolitan* magazine and Clark Lee of International News Service. The meeting, which had seemed to offer her a way to fund passage to the United States for herself and her husband, turned out to be a mistake. Brundidge and Lee reneged on their promise of money. After hearing about the interview, a reporter from *Yank*, the US Army's weekly magazine, convinced her to hold a press conference. D'Aquino told the gathered correspondents that she was one of the women known as

a traitor for love

It wasn't unheard of for an American to find herself trapped in a foreign country as the United States and that country went to war against each other. What was unusual was how some Americans in that situation were pressed into serving the enemy. As the Japanese put Iva Toguri D'Aquino on the radio to broadcast propaganda to GIs, the Germans did the same to Mildred Gillars.

Born in Portland, Maine, in 1911, Mildred Gillars took drama lessons, appeared briefly on the vaudeville circuit, worked as an artist's model, and in 1934 moved to Germany to study piano. There she became an English teacher at a Berlitz school and an announcer on German State Radio.

Gillars also fell in love there. The object of her affection was Paul Karlson, a naturalized, and possibly already married, German citizen. As war between the United States and Germany loomed, Gillars refused to leave Karlson. That forced her, like D'Aquino, to make the best of a difficult situation.



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Mildred Gillars—a.k.a. Axis Sally, Nazi Germany's American radio propagandist—in confinement for treason.

Here, other differences begin to appear. D'Aquino undermined Japanese propaganda in her broadcasts. But as historian Richard Lucas writes in his 2013 book *Axis Sally: The American Voice of Nazi Germany*, Gillars "played the vixen behind the microphone, taunting the men on the front lines." She signed a German loyalty oath, and in her broadcasts she often targeted the wives and mothers of servicemen as well as servicemen themselves, naming individual men who had been wounded, captured, or killed, all the while spewing anti-Semitic rhetoric. Unlike D'Aquino, whom many US servicemen appreciated, Gillars was almost universally hated.

In the aftermath of the war, Gillars was arrested and convicted of treason. That conviction was upheld upon appeal in 1950, but in 1961 she was paroled and went to live and teach with a group of Roman Catholic nuns in Columbus, Ohio. She died there in 1988.

—Chuck Lyons

Tokyo Rose, but she told the reporters, "I didn't think I was doing anything disloyal to America."

After the press conference, the FBIS announced that D'Aquino was the woman "most servicemen seem to refer to when they speak of Tokyo Rose," despite the fact that several women had broadcast in English to Allied servicemen for Radio Tokyo and that all had at one time or another been dubbed Tokyo Rose by the men.

In October, D'Aquino was arrested. For a full year she waited in Tokyo's US-operated Sugamo Prison, not formally charged with any crime, while the FBI and investigators from the US Army looked into the claims against her. In October 1946, she was freed. The investigators announced, "There is no evidence that she ever broadcast greetings to units by name and location or predicted military movements or attacks indicating access to secret military information and plans, etc., [as] the Tokyo Rose of legend and rumor is reported to have done." They concluded that her broadcasts "had little, if any, of the effect intended." In the United States, Nathan T. Elliff, chief of the Department of Justice's Internal Security Section, said the broadcasts were "innocuous and could not be considered giving aid and comfort to the enemy."

Soon afterward, D'Aquino announced that she was pregnant and wanted to return home to the United States and have her child born on US soil.



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In October 1945, D'Aquino became an inmate of Tokyo's Sugamo Prison, the same prison that housed Japan's accused war criminals. After a year she was freed, only to be jailed in the States and tried for treason.

The Backlash

D'Aquino's request was a spark that set off a powder keg. Radio and newspaper gossip reporter Walter Winchell made her story national news, fanning public opinion into a frenzy of opposition. The American Legion joined the cause, and soon the US Department of Justice agreed to take another look at D'Aquino's wartime involvement. Her return to the States was delayed, and her baby was born in Japan, but died shortly after birth. US military authorities arrested her a second time and transported her to San Francisco in September 1948. There she was charged with treason.

D'Aquino's trial began on July 5, 1949, one day after her 33rd birthday, and lasted nearly three months. The government paid some $750,000 to prosecute her, a good part of it going toward the transportation of witnesses from Japan to speak against her. It was the most expensive trial in US history up to that time.

By contrast, the defense was financed privately, mostly by money borrowed by D'Aquino's father, who had moved to Chicago at war's end after being freed from the Gila River Relocation Center in Arizona, a US internment camp for Japanese Americans, where D'Aquino's mother had died. Among those who spoke on D'Aquino's behalf were Cousens (who had faced postwar repercussions of his own in Australia), other POWs, and men who had listened to D'Aquino while serving in the Pacific.

On September 29, 1949, D'Aquino was found guilty on one count of treason. The jury agreed with the prosecution that "on a day during October, 1944 said defendant, at Tokyo, Japan, in a broadcasting studio of the Broadcasting Corporation of Japan, did speak into a microphone concerning the loss of ships." This was a reference to an accusation that, shortly after the 1944 Battle of Leyte Gulf in the Philippines, D'Aquino had—erroneously—broadcast the sinking of American ships.

D'Aquino was the seventh person to be convicted of treason in the history of the United States. She was sentenced to 10 years in prison, the loss of her US citizenship, and a $10,000 fine.

Wayne Mortimer Collins, D'Aquino's attorney during the trial and a prominent advocate for Japanese American rights, called the verdict "guilty without evidence." D'Aquino was sent to the Federal Reformatory for Women at Alderson, West Virginia, where Mildred Gillars, an America citizen who had broadcast for the Nazis during the war and was known as Axis Sally, was also being held (see the sidebar for more). D'Aquino was paroled in January 1956 after serving six years and two months of her sentence.

Vindication

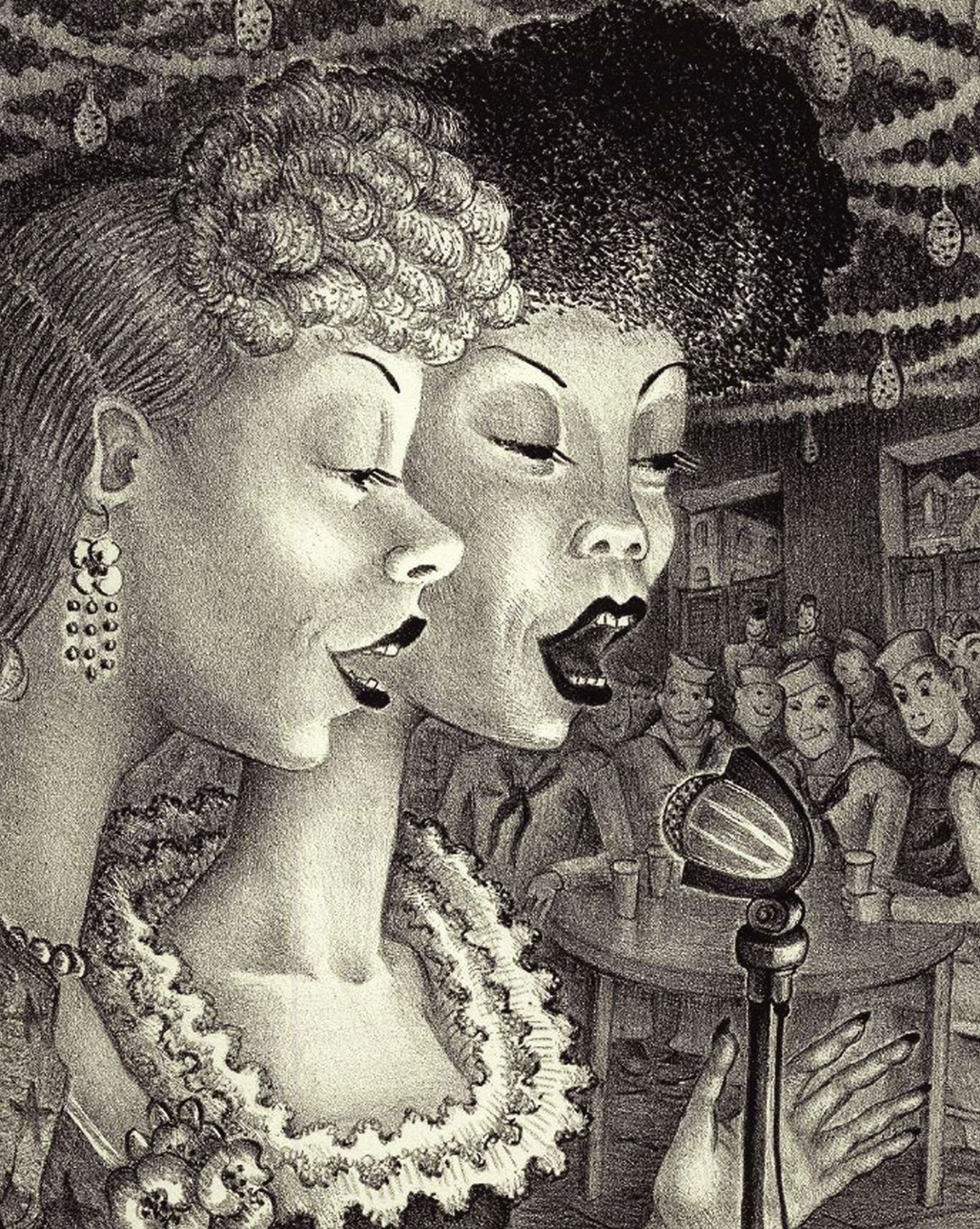
Twenty years later, D'Aquino got a fresh chance at clearing her name. In 1976, a *Chicago Tribune* reporter investigating her case claimed that the FBI and US occupation police in Japan had coerced two witnesses to give perjured testimony against her. The reporter claimed the two men told him they had been coached on what to say and what not to say just hours before the trial.

Using this information, D'Aquino's supporters again took up the case. Calling her a "victim of a legend," they urged President Gerald Ford to grant her a pardon. He did so on January 19, 1977, in one of his last acts in office.

D'Aquino settled in Chicago and died there in 2006 at age 90. She never saw her husband again after leaving Japan in 1948.

Reporting her death, the *New York Times* noted that her "broadcasts did nothing to dim American morale. The servicemen enjoyed the recordings of American popular music, and the United States Navy bestowed a satirical citation on Tokyo Rose at war's end for her entertainment value." ★

Chuck Lyons, *a retired newspaper editor, writes frequently about the American home front and other topics for* America in WWII.



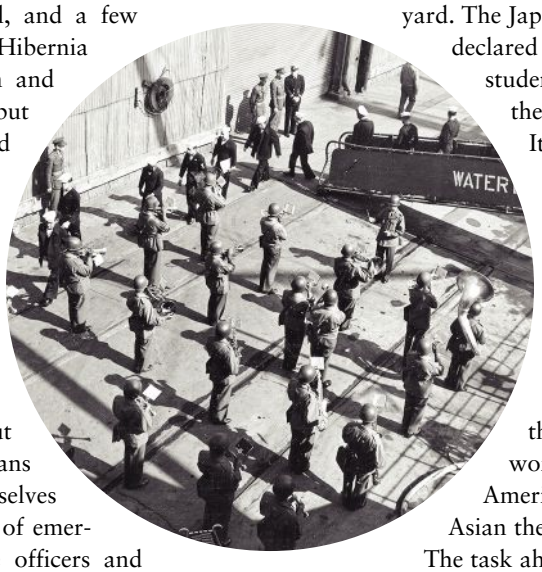
The Khaki Parade Down BOURBON STREET

How millions of GIs passing through New Orleans on their way overseas turned a few blocks of bars, restaurants, and strip clubs into a permanent party.

by Richard Campanella

Richard Campanella's 2014 book Bourbon Street: A History *from Louisiana University Press tells the story of 300 years of New Orleans's most famous and infamous artery. The following edited excerpt from the book takes us back to World War II, when GIs came to New Orleans to prepare for combat before shipping out overseas, and Bourbon Street became the favorite recreational destination for the millions of them in transit.*

Bourbon Street dawned gray and chilly one Sunday in the late autumn of 1941. Din from the previous eve had long died down, and the last clubbers staggered into taxis. Old Glory was dutifully raised at the American Legion post at 819 Bourbon. Bells called the faithful to Mass at the nearby St. Louis Cathedral, and a few blocks uptown, the white cupola atop the Hibernia Bank Building glowed in Yuletide green and red. All was not well with the world, but rumors of diplomacy with Japan, and hopes of evading embroilment in Europe's hostilities, allowed New Orleanians to indulge in the warm safe embrace of hometown normalcy.



Whatever normalcy existed in those dangerous times evaporated as reports of Japan's attack on Pearl Harbor aired shortly after 1:30 p.m. local time. Americans everywhere reeled from the news, but residents of port cities like New Orleans jumped into action because they saw themselves as possible next targets. A citywide state of emergency was declared: hundreds of police officers and 1,500 Army soldiers locked down key municipal assets, guarded ingresses and egresses, and patrolled the sprawling shipbuilding industry, which had, since Hitler's invasion of Poland two years earlier, perked the city out of the Depression. Furloughs and leave were immediately suspended. Young civilians marched to the U.S. Customs House to enlist in the armed forces. Angry neighbors uptown gathered at the Japanese consulate on St. Charles and witnessed to their disbelief staffers burning documents in the backyard. The Japanese Society of New Orleans, for its part, declared itself nonexistent, and mortified Japanese students at Tulane made sure reporters knew their sympathies lay with the Americans. Italian-born New Orleanians—and there were plenty on Bourbon Street—felt compelled to declare their loyalty as well, while Filipino and Chinese, who also worked and lived around Bourbon, donned patriotic inscriptions clarifying their citizenship and assured their compatriots that their hatred of the Japanese ran very, very deep. Everyone knew that this afternoon's news meant a two-front world war, and if any port connected the American interior with both the European and Asian theaters, it was New Orleans.

The task ahead at first did not bode well for Bourbon Street. Rationings of scarce items and patriotic plantings of Victory Gardens made the indulgences of a fancy dinner at a ritzy nitery seem unseemly. Mandatory black-outs and curfews wreaked havoc

OPPOSITE: COURTESY OF LSU MUSEUM OF ART; RIGHT: NATIONAL ARCHIVES

Opposite: New Orleans artist Caroline Wogan Durieux's 1942 sketch *Bourbon Street, New Orleans*, captures the feel of the wartime French Quarter. Above: Troops were all over Louisiana during the war, for training and to ship out overseas from New Orleans. Here, sailors leave the USS *Republic (AP-33)* on January 27, 1945, while an army band plays on the pier. The ship was being transferred from navy to army service.

on entertainment, making an evening out more of a chore than a treat. Besides, most local folks would just as soon indulge in the comfort of domesticity while their families were still intact.

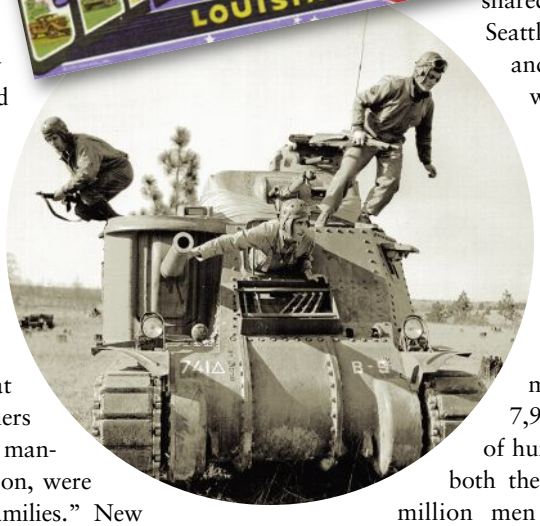
But Bourbon Street's prospects soon changed as hard dollars and warm bodies started to pour into the city. The federal government invested $4.4 billion in Southern war plants, including $1.77 billion into strategically positioned oil-rich Louisiana, more than any Southern state save Texas. What brought the action to New Orleans proper was the energy of one man, Andrew Jackson Higgins, a Nebraska-born boat builder who for years specialized in designing shallow-draft vessels capable of navigating Louisiana's bayous and swamps. Higgins had the answer to a tactical problem confounding American military planners: How do you land millions of troops on two overrun continents when the enemy controls all deep-draft harbors? By modifying his bayou boats, Higgins revolutionized warfare by dispersing amphibious invasions along sparsely defended beachfronts rather than dangerously concentrating them at a port which first had to be captured. With a mix of brilliant vision, dazzling managerial skills, and the type of arrogance that does not suffer fools, Higgins won over Navy bureaucrats in landing lucrative contracts to build assault craft and other vessels in his adopted hometown of New Orleans. For the next few years, New Orleans, long a mercantilist city, became a heavy manufacturing center as well, and while it paled in comparison to Northern counterparts, its industrialization was rapid. By war's end, Higgins Industries produced 20,094 boats—most of the Navy fleet—and employed 30,000 people across seven gargantuan city plants. (It is for this reason that the National World War II Museum is located in New Orleans.)

Thousands of rural Southerners moved to New Orleans for the work, creating housing shortages and transforming Louisiana's bucolic population to one that was majority urban. Metro-area homeowners rented rooms to strangers, and historic mansions, including some just steps off Bourbon, were hurriedly renovated for "war-working families." New Orleans' 1940 population of 494,537 swelled to an estimated 545,041 by mid-1943, "caused by worker migration to the city," and 559,000 by 1945. The coastal and riverine region, meanwhile, shifted dramatically from a nineteenth-century fur, fisheries, and sugar cane economy to one of petroleum extraction and processing, forever changing isolated Acadian (Cajun), Creole, and Native American folk cultures. Southern Louisiana became nationally important, and after years of poverty, Louisianians now had more work than they could handle, more cash than ever, and precious little free time. To downtown New Orleans they gravitated to blow off steam, and there they encountered other transients in a similar position, only in much greater numbers: military servicemen.

Men in the uniforms of the Army, Navy, Marines, Coast Guard, and Merchant Marines had become a common sight throughout Louisiana since the late 1930s. Many trained at installations near Alexandria, which dated to the Great War and ramped up in the summer of 1941 as 400,000 soldiers participated in the Louisiana Maneuvers. The South in general became the nation's training ground for the looming conflict, hosting eight of the nine largest Army camps, half of which were within a few hours' train ride of New Orleans. Of the sixteen million Americans who served in World War II, well over half set foot in the South during the course of their experience, and roughly one-third were exposed to the keystone state of Louisiana and its largest city. The vast circulation of humanity helped bring the states of the former Confederacy, which in recent years had been emerging from a poor agrarian an order traceable to postbellum times, into the fold of a modern industrialized nation.



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS


NATIONAL ARCHIVES

What positioned New Orleans at the nexus of the Southern servicemen circulation was its upgrade in July 1941 from Army Quartermaster Supply Depot to Port of Embarkation, a status at the time shared only with New York, San Francisco, Seattle, and Charleston. Between Pearl Harbor and the war's end, 174,651 troops, many of whom were first staged at Camp Plauché in present-day Harahan, were processed through three gigantic buildings at Dauphine Street by the Industrial Canal. From there they embarked for the Panama Canal heading to Pacific bases, or to Latin America and the Caribbean, where German submarines threatened them as soon as they emerged from the mouth of the Mississippi. Additionally, 7,954,767 tons of cargo, requiring thousands of human hands, shipped from New Orleans to both the European and Pacific theaters. Another million men trained at central Louisiana's Camp Claiborne and Camp Livingston, and hundreds of thousands more at Camp Beauregard, Camp Villere, and Fort Polk. On the West Bank of New Orleans proper was the Naval Station in Algiers, and along the Lakefront were the Naval Reserve Air Station, Army Air Corps Base (Camp Leroy Johnson), two large wartime hospitals, the Consolidated Aircraft plant, and a P.O.W. camp. Thousands

Top: This must have been a popular postcard, considering that half a million WWII army recruits passed through 23,000-acre Camp Claiborne in the center of Louisiana. Above: Training went on there and at facilities such as western Louisiana's Camp Polk, where 741st Tank Battalion men abandon a disabled tank during maneuvers. In 1940 and 1941, the state hosted the Louisiana Maneuvers, involving some 400,000 soldiers. Opposite: When GIs got a break, many headed to Bourbon Street and bars like the Old Absinthe House, established in 1806.



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

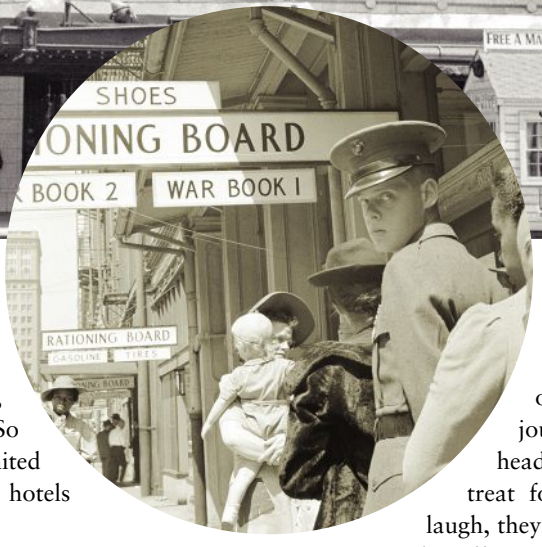
more trained at similar facilities in the nearby Mississippi Gulf Coast, Mobile, and the Florida panhandle, not to mention Baton Rouge, whose own population swelled by 250 percent. Bearing a world of worries, the troops longingly cast their eyes to The City That Care Forgot as soon as they earned some leave.

Indeed, New Orleans exhorted a nearly gravitational pull on young males away from home for the first time, and military authorities did little to fight it. "[T]hey gave you all of the…short leaves that they could," recalled veteran Ogden C. Bacon, Jr. "You didn't have to do watch hours and that sort of stuff, and so I got to see New Orleans. That was quite an experience." Robert F. Moss, who was stationed at Camp Shelby in Mississippi, said that whenever "we had a weekend pass, we would go to New Orleans [by] train…. It would take three hours [and] we would get a hotel room over night." So strong was demand that one "fellow…would...hire a bus and sell tickets to New Orleans on the side," he chuckled. Others hitchhiked, rented or borrowed cars, took troop trains, shipped from upriver, or sailed in coastwise.

Once in New Orleans, uniformed Americans of all backgrounds brushed shoulders with locals and out-of-town plant workers as well as Canadian troopers; Brazilian air force cadets; Royal Air Force fliers from Britain, Australia, and New Zealand; and French and English sailors waiting for their battle-scarred vessels to be repaired in the city's boat yards. They strolled the streets, toured the sites, attended religious services, patronized establishments, and relaxed in Jackson Square. In the words of one Coast Guard reserve woman, "New Orleans [during the war] was overrun with service people." A local journalist described it as a "crowded city and new faces at every turn…. Uniforms on all sides, too, with a general air of alertness. And so very much to be done…."

To various downtown train stations and bus stations they arrived, and at the United Service Organization headquarters at 119 Carondelet they registered—"soldiers, sailors, Marines, paratroopers, WAACs, and other service men and service women," wrote a correspondent for the *Times-Picayune* in 1943. From there they sought a place to stay. Some found host families or registered at hotels like the Monteleone, one block from Bourbon.





LEFT & INSET: LIBRARY OF CONGRESS, JOHN VACHON PHOTOGRAPHER

High demand and limited supply sent prices skyrocketing: even with federally mandated rent control in war-plant cities, a simple room that rented for $1 in 1933 went for $2 in 1941 and $5 in 1944, while quality and service plummeted. So tight were accommodations that the United Seamen's Service had to commandeer two hotels for the use of merchant seamen.

Once unpacked, servicemen ventured out and discovered quickly that Bourbon Street was no more than a couple of blocks away. It was almost impossible *not* to take a peek. You could see the rollicking strip; you could hear it; you could practically smell it. Bourbon vied for their business through advertisements, fliers, neon signage, and barkers, who appealed to their branch loyalty and promised the best value for their soldier's pay. The *Old French Quarter News* catered to newly arrived servicemen with a special section entitled "Guide to the French Quarter" ("What to See! Where to Go! What to Do!") and columns such as "At a Ringside Table" and "Quarter Sights and Sounds," which previewed Bourbon Street floorshows. One of its reporters described "[w]ide-eyed servicemen trying out each bar as they would a box of chocolates."

Veterans' memories are sprinkled with anecdotes of World War II–era Bourbon Street, and nearly all tell of a happy if brief respite in times of great anxiety and turmoil. Newark-born Ken Smith, who participated in the Louisiana Maneuvers and later shipped to the Pacific, recalled only one "thrill[ing]" part of his circuitous journey: when "we were laid over at a railhead in New Orleans." Their superiors had a treat for them, but, as Smith recalled with a laugh, they also had ulterior motives:

[T]he officers were very nice. They told us they were going to take us into New Orleans, so [that] we could see Bourbon Street, and they did. They marched us down to Bourbon Street and showed us the buildings and turned us around and marched us back again, but, of course, the object was to make us exercise.

Twenty-five-year-old Northerner Arnold Spielberg thrilled to arrive in New Orleans as a Signal Corps enlistee in early 1942. Training was intense, but local hospitality and cuisine eased the strain. The "best time I had in New Orleans," recalled Spielberg, "was going on leave every weekend. I met a Jewish family at the USO[;] they invited me to their home every time I had a pass. They were wealthy people. They had black servants who wore white gloves and I sat down to dinner at a magnificent table." But even with that gratis extravagance, Spielberg's young eyes turned to Bourbon Street. "[E]very time I saved up any money," he said, "I'd go eat at Arnaud's or Antoine's [for] a good meal, yes, because

Army chow isn't that great." Veteran P. Richard Wexler sought similar refuge when he "stayed at the Roosevelt Hotel [and] ate myself sick at the best restaurants and returned with renewed energy." Private Joseph Lasker found that the French Quarter reminded him of Montmartre in Paris, particularly Lafitte's Blacksmith Shop on Bourbon—"a mellow, old, crumbling place, lit by candles, muskets on the wall, bare bricks show a fire in the old forge, [and] a pianist playing classical French tunes…." Capped off with his hotel room, which looked like "a burlesque skit," Lasker recalled his wartime visit to New Orleans as "the best time I ever had on a pass."

HOW MANY PEOPLE PASSED THROUGH New Orleans for war-related reasons, and how many set foot on Bourbon Street? Statistical evidence analyzed by the author indicates that, when combined with plant workers, other visitors, and residents, we can safely estimate well over 100,000 people setting foot on Bourbon Street monthly for four years, possibly many more. Like today, most wartime visitors would have been clustered in the commercialized blocks of Bourbon closest to Canal. Parked cars lined at least one and sometimes both gutters, while the clanking Desire streetcar line—the same one made famous by Tennessee Williams a few years later—



COURTESY OF RICHARD CAMPANELLA

plied the tracks in the center. Behind it were honking motorists, delivery trucks, mule-drawn garbage collectors, and ice trucks driven by the likes of one Harry Kelt, who had been "supplying the nite life hi-ball ice" to Bourbon Street since the First World War. Sidewalks were crowded with pedestrians and cluttered with leaning utility poles, as tangles of wires hung above and neon blinked in windows. People littered with abandon: "They had garbage cans out on the streets and people would knock them over and nobody would clean it up," remembered one woman. More pollution came from above, when ships at the port blew out their boiler tubes and blanketed downtown in greasy black soot. It was a crowded, malodorous, smoky, and clamorous corridor, picturesque despite itself—until the midnight curfew, when by order of the War Manpower Commission all places of amusement had to close.

Club owners mitigated the "Cinderella curfew" by shifting show times into late afternoon. But the rule unquestionably cost the clubs money, and the city too, as it reduced the cabaret tax by $200 monthly to ease the pain. Owners complained, but authorities would not budge. Closing clubs at midnight, they said, increased productivity and decreased absenteeism in the war plants. A 1942 state law passed at the behest of the military additionally prohibited alcohol sales to servicemen after midnight. Enforcement, however, seemed to be as common as evasion: whereas one Bourbon barmaid was arrested for selling "two rum drinks for 80 cents" to two soldiers at 12:50 A.M.," at other times on Bourbon, an emcee would announce over the loudspeaker ways to evade the curfew. And everyone else figured out that "there is…nothing to prevent a girl friend from buying an extra drink to be consumed by her friend in uniform."

THEIR JAUNT THROUGH THE CITY exposed servicemen from across the nation to New Orleans culture in an era when it deviated from the national norm far more than it does today. While the lollapalooza of cultural distinction, Mardi Gras, was not part of the wartime experience because all public celebrations had been cancelled starting in 1942, differences in realms such as food and music were relished by servicemen. Most Americans ate rather



COURTESY OF RICHARD CAMPANELLA

bland protein and starch staples in those days, and "government cooking" was that much worse. New Orleans offered a welcome respite from both. Servicemen found fresh seafood—a rarity in the interior, particularly oysters—cheap and abundant. Many treated themselves to fancy "French food" (as they called it) at Galatoire's, Arnaud's, or Antoine's, all on or near Bourbon Street, although, according to one commentator, some were "more interested in being able to say they ate at Antoine's or Arnaud's than in getting something to eat." Most fellows, however, generally preferred simpler fare in homier settings. Hands-down, their favorite was Southern fried chicken, which in the days before industrial cooking was a rarity outside certain regions and special days. Raved one trooper about his time in New Orleans, "That's some of the best food we ever had…. That fried chicken! Those ducks!... It's worth going to war for[!]" Okra? Not so much. "It slips down before I can get a good grip on it long enough to taste

Opposite, top: An outsize marine guards D.H. Holmes department store on Bourbon Street. With New Orleans crowded by war workers and service personnel, prices for goods soared. Opposite, center: Scarcity added to the problem. The military's huge need for supplies required nationwide rationing. At this Rationing Board office on Gravier Street, a GI waits his turn to get ration stamps. Above, left: Despite high prices, shortages, and wartime austerities like midnight last calls at bars, Bourbon Street thrived. The Swing Club—advertising Old Union keg beer, highballs, cocktails, and swing music—did a booming business. Above, right: So did the Villa Beer Garden.

it." "Rice cooked with gravy is an appreciated novelty," wrote one reporter. "But you can't be certain that shrimp or oysters will please Northern palates." They certainly appealed to sailor Leon Canick, who also got to experience Louisiana country cooking. "[O]ut in the bayous," he recalled, "you could go to a wooden bar-saloon [and] get a pile of shrimp this high for free and a beer or a crab meat sandwich with three...soft-shell crabs for 25 cents." City prices were higher; food costs rose nearly as steeply as accommodations: "a scrambled egg, grits, biscuit, and a cup of good coffee [cost] 5 cents in a clean well-lighted restaurant" in 1933. By 1941, $0.35; by 1944, $0.75, by which time the restaurant was likely to be dirtier and the service poorer. Labor shortages drove up the costs of anything requiring human handling. When the September oyster season opened in 1943, for example, supply was plentiful but prices were poised to rise nonetheless, from 50 to 60 to 75 cents a dozen, because of "man power shortage and high wages." Beef grew scarce too, jacking up the price of hamburgers and leading to a local innovation: "'fishburgers,' and very good, too. Made out of fresh water fish with egg and seasoning added, fried in bread dust and served on a toasted soft roll just like a hamburger. Yum! Yum!"

AFTER DINNER came entertainment, and servicemen wanted to hear live jazz. A so-called New Orleans Revival was afoot, and Bourbon Street happily obliged, mostly with Dixieland styles. Once they heard enough of the old stuff, servicemen, like Bourbon visitors today, opted for popular music. "Hill billy" or "cowboy" (country) music, barn dances, and jamborees were offered to appeal to rural folk, while other nightclubs played big-band, swing, boogie-woogie, college fight songs, "jive" (black) music, and impromptu "jam sessions." Servicemen particularly enjoyed musicians who took requests, like the dueling pianists Mercedes and Sue at Pat O'Brien's, or Dixie Mills, "Bourbon Street's newest sensation…, an artist on the keys [who] makes the ivories sing [and] also has a lovely set of pipes." Patriotic or folksy sing-alongs often ended up becoming the evening's entertainment, as servicemen and war workers gathered around pianos, drink in one hand and cigarette in the other. "Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition" drove the crowd wild. "Pistol Packin' Momma" and "I'm a Yankee Doodle Dandy" got them jolly. "The Boogie-Woogie Bugle Boy of Company B" had everyone on the dance floor. "When the Lights Go On Again All Over the World" made them melancholic, and "Remember Pearl Harbor" got them dogged. The 1939 hit "You Are My Sunshine" was invariably crooned with an affected cowboy twang, and "Around Her Hair She Wears a Yellow Ribbon" inevitably became "Around Her Hair She Wears a Purple Garter." The Brits loved "Roll Out the Barrel," and if Frenchmen were around, so was "Marseillaise."



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Many GIs passing through New Orleans took the opportunity to hear the city's great jazz. The war years actually coincided with a revival of the genre. Here, trumpeter Bunk Johnson plays with trombonist Jim Robinson at San Jacinto Hall, several blocks west of Bourbon Street on Dumaine, in August 1944.

When the band took a breather and the emcee addressed the crowd, out came wartime zingers. Overheard at Tugy's Famous Bar at 201 Bourbon (known for its nightly dart-throwing contests at a target of Hitler's face): "You must admit the German race / Is really not so super; / Since the RAF blew up the place / And left 'em in a stupor." Then there were the Berliners who passed the time huddled in an air raid shelter by swapping jokes, all too many of which were long-winded. "Don't you know any shorter jokes? one asked. "Sure…but I'll have to whisper it to you." "*We'll win the war.*" One rhyme got the whole family into wartime service:

Sleep, darling baby, let nothing annoy yuh
Mom's welding upon a destroy-yuh
Daddy is aiming to bring down a Jap
While baby's enjoying his afternoon nap!

That was about the extent of poetic domesticity on Bourbon Street. Risqué revues proved more popular. For every three or four clubs that advertised bands and drinks, one billed eroticism. The acts and the lexicon shocked Southern sensibilities at the time. The All Girl Show at the Three Deuces, for example, earned high praise for Doris' "cute chassis," Mavis' "torrid shake," Valerie's "swoon material," Mavis' "oriental routine," and Shirley's "Gypsy dance." At the Club Bali, Bonita Roesse sizzled "in a hot jungle dance" while "Boots O'Hara has the patrons yelling for more after her sleeve number." At the suggestive Kitten Club, "floorshow gals have talent and plenty of curves which add to everyone's enjoyment," while the Opera House Bar featured Anna Jane Wright's "hula number" and Patricia Lane's "curvaceous body [and] some A-1 exotic dancing." Military edicts declared some places to be off-limits to servicemen, such as a dance hall where the girls "wear only a brassiere and skirt." Owners were keen to keep things legit—but that still left room for plenty of sass.

AS THE WAR DREW TO *a close, the Cinderella curfew was lifted, the war plant workers were laid off, and the soldiers went home. Entertainment districts in embarkation cities elsewhere in the nation saw their customer base disappear. Many closed permanently. But Bourbon Street did the opposite, leveraging its wartime bustle into a permanent nightly drinking, dining, and entertainment strip that has earned it both national fame as well as local infamy—one of many lasting home-front impacts of World War II.* ★

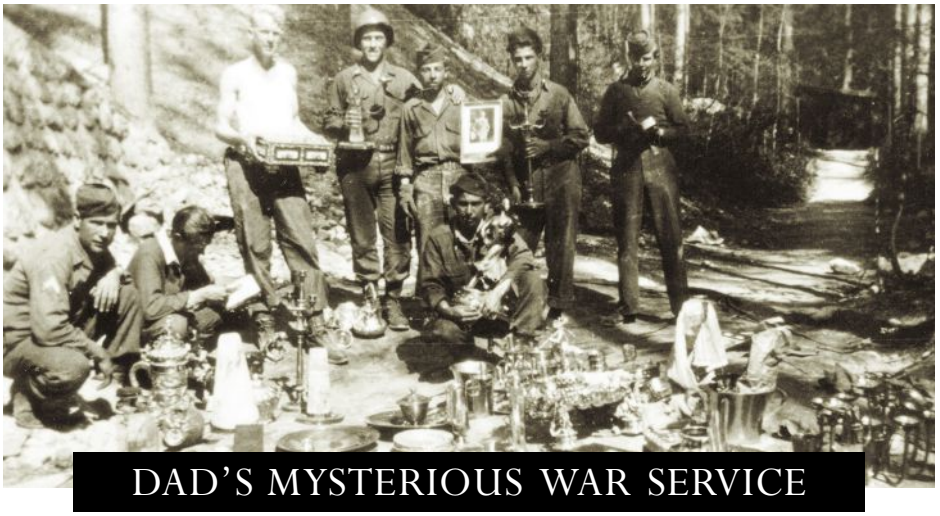
Richard Campanella, *a geographer with the Tulane University School of Architecture, is the author of* Bienville's Dilemma, Geographies of New Orleans, *and* Lincoln in New Orleans, *as well as* Bourbon Street: A History. *He may be reached through richcampanella.com or rcampane@tulane.edu and followed on Twitter at @nolacampanella.*



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A WWII Scrapbook



FROM 1269th ENGINEER COMBAT BATTALION WEBSITE. CREATED BY 1269th VETERAN WILLIAM H. ALLISON, CO. A

DAD'S MYSTERIOUS WAR SERVICE

LET ME BEGIN by saying there had been a fire that destroyed many military records [the National Personnel Records fire of July 12, 1973, in St. Louis, Missouri], including my dad's. [The fire eliminated an estimated 80 percent of army personnel records for men discharged from November 1, 1912, through January 1, 1960.]

What I do know is that prior to active service, my dad, Howard Smith, Sr., served three years with the New York National Guard. His unit was activated in 1942. Once in active service, Dad volunteered for the airborne infantry, mostly for the extra pay. I believe my mom had some letters marked with the 506th Regiment, 101st Division, from Fort Bragg. [The *82nd* Airborne, but not the 101st, had a WWII presence at Fort Bragg in North Carolina and made its permanent base there after the war.] I remember Dad talking about the Screaming Eagles. I still have his jump wings.

Dad shipped overseas in October 1944, but I do not know if or when he made any jumps. [The 506th Parachute Infantry Regiment made its second and final WWII combat jump a month earlier in the Netherlands, in Operation Market Garden.] His campaigns were in Central Europe and the Rhineland.

During that time, Dad became a member of Headquarters Company, 1269th Engineer Combat Battalion. [In 1945, the 1269th was assigned to help find and recover funds and plundered items that were hidden by the Nazi regime and its leaders. It also assisted in the Alsos Program to uncover the Germans' nuclear weapons program. Part of the battalion helped liberate the Dachau extermination camp.] Dad then became a jeep driver for Colonel White [Lieutenant Colonel Wilbur White, the 1269th's commander]. During Dad's time as Colonel White's driver, both men were sending articles home from Hitler's Berghof home and Eagle's Nest [both in southern Germany] and Hermann Göring's home. [Göring was Nazi Germany's Luftwaffe commander, highest-ranking military leader, and, until April 1945, Hitler's designated successor.]

Dad was discharged in October 1945. He talked very little of the war but did mention that he was wounded in his side. How or why, I don't know. He did not receive the Purple Heart.

Dad passed away in 1994 from lung cancer. I wish I had more information on his military service, but because of the fire, I don't. I should mention that I served 9 years in the New York National Guard and my son served 20 years, from 1979 to 1999.

Howard Smith, Jr., *son of*
Howard Smith, Sr., *wartime GI*
Rochester, New York

GASSING UP TRUCKS AT ESSO

MY DAD WAS DRAFTED IN 1942 along with countless other men, but my mom was pregnant. Dad appealed the draft notice and was never called up. I was born in September 1942.

My dad had an Esso gas station at the intersection of US Routes 11 and 15 in Lemoyne, Pennsylvania. He told stories about how he would sleep at the station when certain trucks were coming through. When a truck pulled in, he had to have the fuel running within 10 minutes. He proudly said he never missed the 10-minute time slot. With gas rationing, it was important

Above: Fire ruined records of the late Howard Smith, Sr., but it seems he was in the 1269th Engineer Combat Battalion, hunting Nazi nukes and stolen treasure. Company A men (top) found part of Hermann Göring's hoard in an Austrian mine in May 1945.

to have this business.

Years later I learned that the trucking company, Associated Transport, was contracted as the exclusive hauler for the Manhattan Project. [Editor's note: We have not been able either to corroborate or to disprove any relationship between Associated Transport and the Manhattan Project.] They ran from Tennessee to New York on old Route 11 and had certain relays along the line. Dad used to say some trucks were overloaded and took hundreds of gallons of gas, while others were seemingly empty [of cargo] and didn't need fuel, but they needed to maintain the schedule. I guess my dad was a relay for Associated Transport—and a cog in the Manhattan Project wheel.

James L. Quigley
wartime boy on the home front
Elliotsburg, Pennsylvania

DON'T FORGET TO SALUTE MOM

SOMETIME IN 1936 or 1937, my mom, a British schoolgirl at the time, took a class trip to Germany. While at a train station she had the gall to ask an SS officer for directions. That officer responded with a strong humph, did an about face, and with an air of superiority, marched off.

Mom and Dad, Richard A. Templeton and Joan Casement Templeton, met in London in 1941 while Dad was assigned to the naval attaché's office with the American embassy. At that time, Dad was a US Navy warrant officer and Mom was a Royal Navy lieutenant. They were married in 1942 and I was born in 1943. As my brother and sisters and I grew up, we enjoyed periodically kidding Dad with the statement, "Yes, Dad, you had to salute Mom and request permission to marry her."

My aunt told me that Mom and Dad took me into the London parks during German bombing raids, because the parks were safer than the bomb shelters located under buildings.

Both Mom and Dad encountered incidents during the war when someone must have been watching over them. Early in World War II, Mom and two other Wrens [members of the Women's Royal Naval Service (WRNS)] were walking along a country road that passed next to an airfield when a German bomber attacked the field. While airmen and soldiers dived for the trenches, Mom and her friends stood and gawked at the bomber. It was fortunate that the three bombs dropped were duds.

Then, sometime in 1944 or 1945, Dad's convoy was hit by a typhoon while navigating a minefield. It was upsetting to watch other ships in the convoy hit mines and know that you had to keep steaming and pray that your ship did not hit a mine. While he served on three different ships from 1944 through the end of the war, most likely he was aboard the attack transport USS *Neshoba (APA-216)* at that time. [If he was indeed aboard the *Neshoba*, the typhoon was probably the small one that struck *Neshoba*'s convoy on the way to Saipan between July 29 and August 6, 1945.]

After leaving the *Neshoba*, Dad reported to the USS *Hollandia (CVE-97)* for transportation to his next duty station and then finished his Pacific tour aboard the USS *Catoctin (AGC-5)*. While aboard the *Catoctin* he observed the surrender of the Japanese in Korea [after the *Catoctin* put in at Incheon on September 8, 1945]....

Roger E. Templeton
wartime boy on the English home front
Martinez, Georgia

AMERICA IN WWII LINGO!

1940s GI and civilian patter

cornplaster commando: a foot soldier, used to putting healing plasters on his corn-ridden dogs.

browned off: peeved, fed up—Brit slang that rubbed off on the Americans. Why "browned" off? Who knows?

TS slip: Fill one out when you've got a complaint about GI life. The "TS" stands for "tough sh-t."

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Island-Hopping to Okinawa

by Joseph Ziganti, Jr.



BOTH PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY OF JOSEPH ZIGANTI, JR.

Joseph "Joe" Ziganti, Jr., was there for much of America's late-war push toward the anticipated invasion of mainland Japan. That destiny was set for him on December 11, 1942, when he enlisted at age 19 in the US Marine Corps in his hometown of Cleveland, Ohio.

Ziganti, known to many as Red due to his hair and complexion, tells his WWII story here in an edited excerpt from his 2007 book Red: A Marine's Story. *Only a few dozen copies of the book were printed, for distribution among family members and close friends and for inclusion with the personal accounts collected by the Library of Congress Veterans History Project.*

I wanted to tell this story to my children, my grandchildren, and the world. This was the part of my life that really made a man of me. I want my family to read this and understand more about me. I want my grandchildren to share this story with their

Above, left: Known to his buddies as the cleanest marine around, Joseph "Joe" Ziganti, Jr., wears spotless khakis and a grin on a South Pacific island—probably Pavuvu in the Russells, where the 5th Marines went for rest after battles. Above, right: On an unnamed airfield, Ziganti poses with the lovely lady of the bomber *Lucky Strike*. The B-24 flew with the 530th Heavy Bombardment Squadron, based in the Philippines.

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children. I want them to take from this story the same lessons the Marines taught me about strength, sacrifice, courage, and devotion to one another and to our country.

OUR DESTINATION WAS Melbourne, Australia, where we were to join up with the First Marine Division. Upon arrival [on May 9, 1943], we went to Camp Balcombe and were assigned to our barracks. I was placed in the 5th Marines weapons company along with a squad of seven men. We were trained in the handling of the 37mm [anti-tank] gun and practiced maneuvers in a large field.

After we finished our training at Camp Balcombe, we sailed for New Guinea on a transport ship along with our equipment. We landed at a port on Cape Sudest on December 26, 1943, and spent the next couple of days preparing for an engagement at Cape Gloucester, New Britain. We arrived at the Cape [Gloucester] on December 30, 1943, by LSTs (landing ships, tank). After landing, we engaged the enemy in the jungle. All this during torrential rains. We had help from the natives in moving equipment and arms. We communicated with them through motions as to what we wanted them to do.

To get through the jungle, we were all given machetes to hack down the heavy foliage so we could haul our equipment through. Our 37mm gun probably weighed about 500-plus pounds. We had to completely disassemble it to transport it and then put it back together again when we arrived at our destination. The runners who preceded us in combat would search out the position of the Japs and would radio back to us as to where they were. We had at least a hundred rounds of ammunition with us and would fire in the vicinity of their location. If we needed more ammo, we would have to rely on runners to go back and bring up some more.

Up in the mountains were caves where the Japs were holed up, and we couldn't approach the entrances, as we would have been picked off. Instead, there was a unit that was assigned the job of using flame throwers that extended their fire about thirty or forty feet. Even if they didn't get close, the intense heat would either rout them out or kill them. Many who ran out were on fire. It was very effective, although brutal, but it was either them or us.

My most memorable horror was here on Cape Gloucester. I was on a hill by myself, just walking along a small worn path, when I came across the body of a fellow Marine. At the time, I don't know how much I weighed. 150 pounds or so. I was walking down and I saw him. I just picked him up. I don't know how I possibly did that. As soon as I picked him up, I saw the blood running down his back and his blood and guts fell out. I started walking down the path with him in my arms, when I met two other Marines and they took him from me. In our outfit we had guys who did exactly that. They'd pick up guys who needed help. In retrospect, I don't know how I could have carried him and I often think of who his parents were. This experience has never left me and it comes often to my mind. When I recall this incident to this day, it brings tears to my eyes. I'll never forget that. Never. There are a lot of times at night that I can remember it so vividly.

After we cleaned up the area on Cape Gloucester, the Army came in to relieve us. We were transported to Pavuvu, in the Russell Islands, for R&R. People get the wrong idea of "rest and relaxation." It wasn't something where we laid on our asses all day long. R&R was preparing for the next landing. We did this twice: once when we came back from New Guinea and once after Peleliu. Back to the same place, because everything was all set up.

We still had to get up at 5 o'clock in the morning. The guys would blow the bugle and we had to jump out and get into line, stand at attention. Sergeant would make sure everyone was there. "Ziganti." "Here." "Smith." "Here." That happened every morning. We called this "roll call." Then we'd have to go back in, get dressed, then maybe at 6 o'clock we'd have breakfast. And as far as breakfast is concerned, we had big tents where we had breakfast. Sometimes we had eggs. Sometimes we had fruits, cereals, you know, all of that stuff. Of course after breakfast, we had to fall out





BOTH PHOTOGRAPHS: US MARINE CORPS

Left: An amphibious tractor full of marines crawls out of an LST (landing ship, tank) onto Cape Gloucester, a point of land on New Britain. Right: Ziganti and six other marines came ashore with a heavy 37mm anti-tank gun, like this one bogged down in Cape Gloucester's mud.

about 7 or 8 o'clock for another roll call. Then we had schooling on various things. It wasn't a matter of doing whatever we wanted to do. We were continuously learning.

If I'm not mistaken, on Saturdays we always had things to do like cleaning up the area. On the island there were some natives in a small village, along with a church, but not much else. The area was littered with fallen leaves and coconuts that we had to clean up, for as the saying goes in the Marines, "When you move into an area, you leave it in better shape than when you found it." And of course we did. We set up our tents according to platoon. We had to dig troughs for drainage because of the heavy rains, to funnel it away from our tents. It ended up looking very much like a small town, with streets and walkways. Inspections were held and not so much as a cigarette butt would be seen on the ground. Everything was ship-shape.

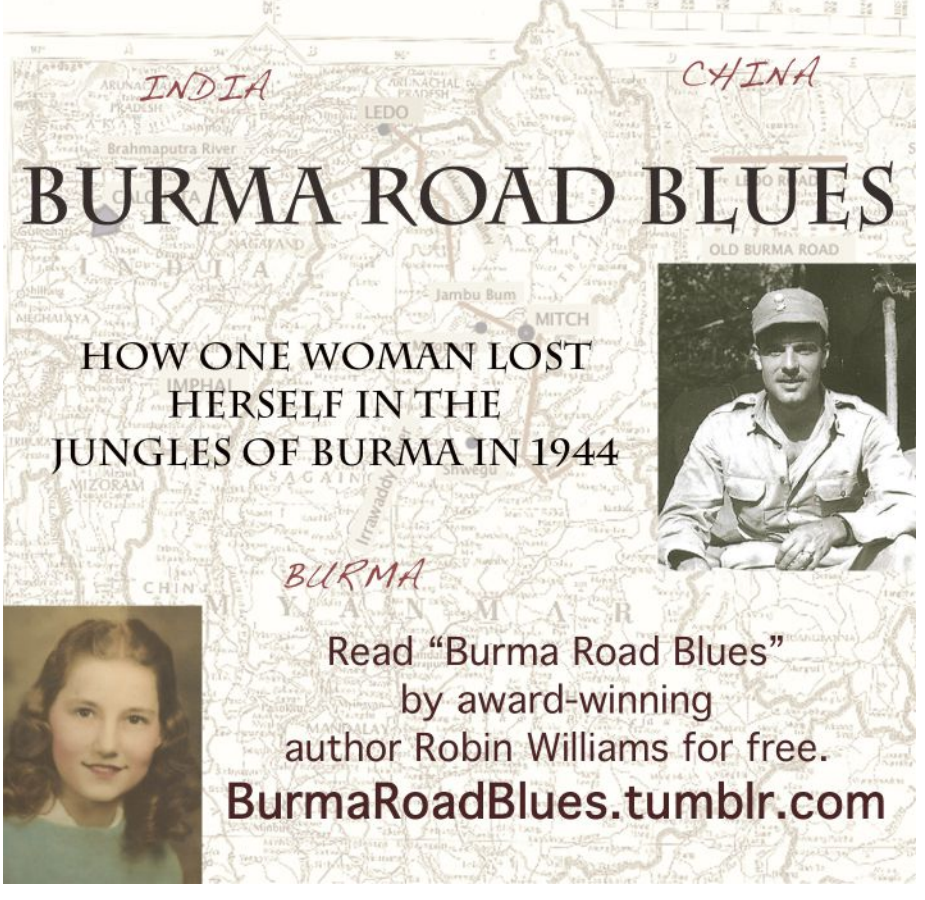
Sundays we always had a day off, more or less. It was a day you could go to church and do what you wanted to do. Saturdays and Sundays we'd wash our clothes and Sundays we would all shine our shoes, for hours at a time.

We set up a few comforts of home. We built a shower that supplied water from a raised barrel, with perforated cans strung along a pipe, so that several guys could stand on a platform and shower at the same time. Walker, one of our Jeep drivers, came up with the idea of constructing a metal barrel with paddles turned by power from a belt attached to the rear axle of the Jeep after he had removed the wheels. Voila! We had our washing machine. We also had a table set up for scrubbing our clothes clean as not everyone had the use of the machine.

To tell you the truth, I was probably one of the cleanest guys. One time years later, Jim Aichele [Sergeant James R. Aichele] told me how I used to scrub my teeth. "That's one thing I always remember," he said. "That guy Ziganti would always scrub his teeth real hard." I always had clean clothes on. I always looked good. I would take a brush—we used to have a, what do you call it, a "scrubbing brush"?—I used to scrub my khaki pants until they were clean. Aboard ship a lot of us guys would tie our khaki pants with a rope and throw them out overboard into the salty







water. That was the way we used to clean our things aboard ship.

We used to have so much fun, with all of us doing different things. This usually happened on Sundays. We had many beer parties. Stringer and Strom dressed up in hula skirts and padded bras and danced the hula to our hoots of appreciation. And of course we could visualize two beautiful women up there instead of two guys dancing. I can picture that vividly. It was a nice bit of fun.

An area was also built for entertainment. It had a stage and we were lucky enough to have Kay Kyser and his troupe, which consisted of his band; Jo Stafford, a great female singer; and Ish Kabibble, providing the comedy—a few other gals, too. They put on a great show. They played to a full house, as there were many units there along with us. The show lasted for hours and was greatly appreciated by all.

[Private James W.] Hutchcraft was in charge of mail call and he always had a big crowd anxiously waiting for mail from home. One day we decided to honor him and with a bit of ceremony we presented him with a medal made from a tin can for all his handling of the mail. I'm sure one of the guys probably put a lot of time into making the medal.

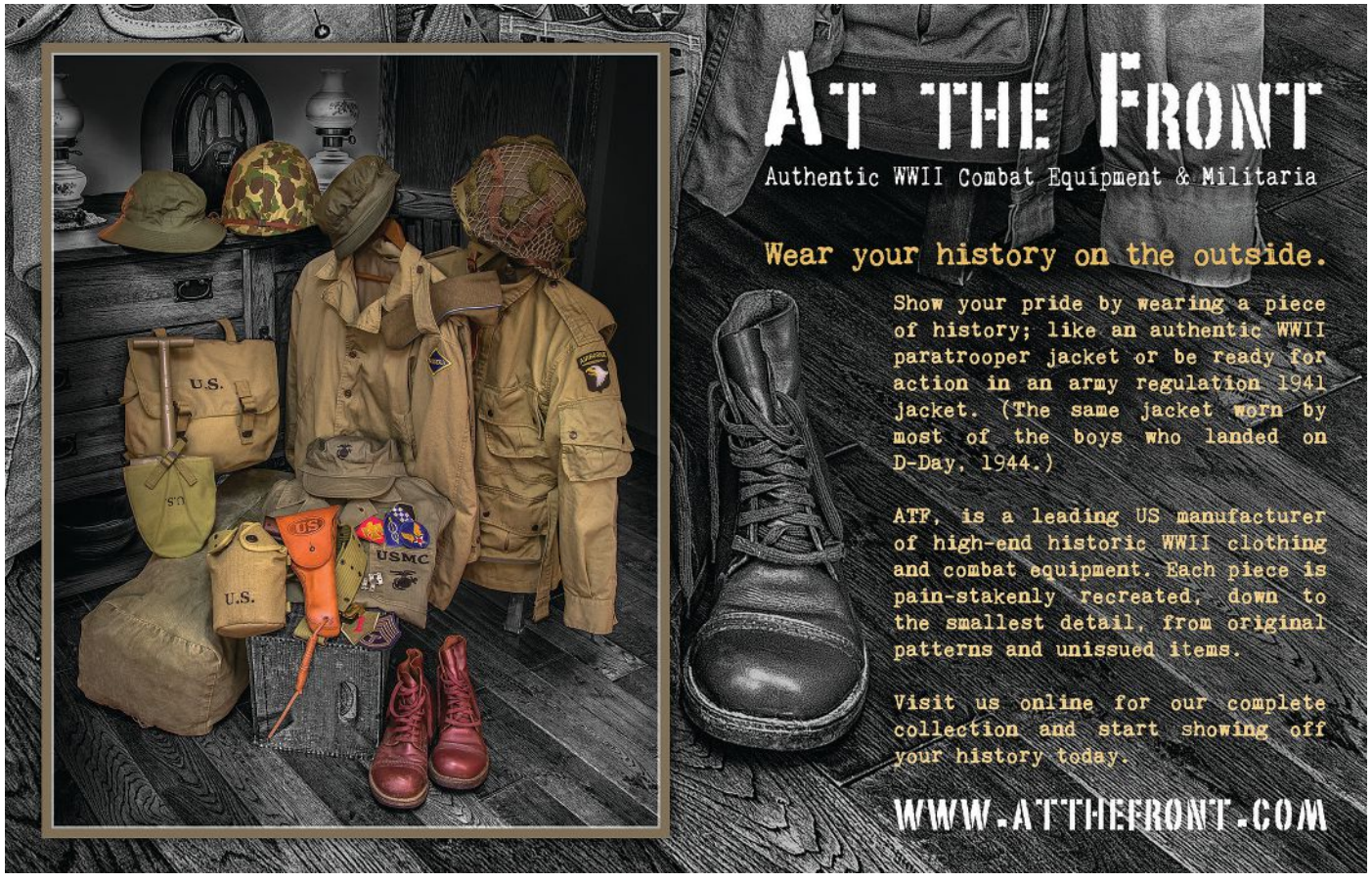
We used to have cigarette call and even though I didn't smoke, I used to line up for my share and gave them to my buddies. We had maneuvers and inspection, work parties, and always we were preparing for the next battle. We constantly heard "scuttle butt" about where our next destination would be.

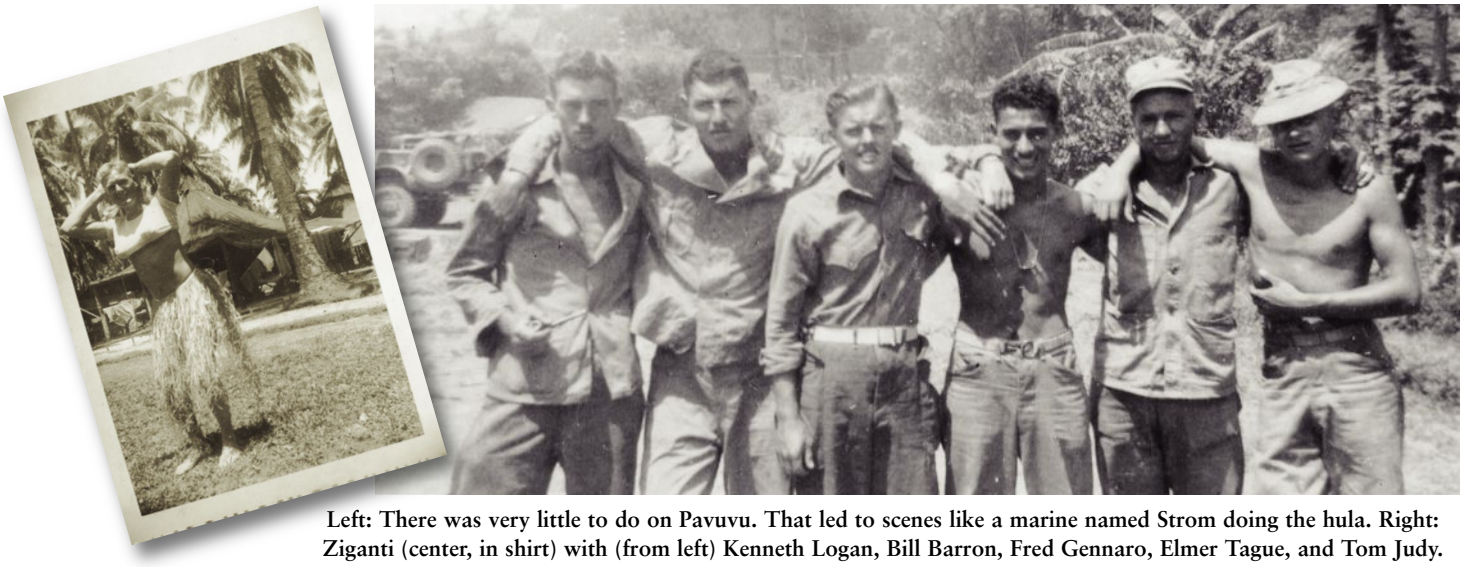
The 5th Marines left Pavuvu on August 26, 1944, for Guadalcanal, where they participated in field and landing exercises from August 27 to September 4.

OUR NEXT DESTINATION turned out to be Peleliu in the Palau Islands. We went by transport and when we approached Peleliu, they [US Navy forces] first bombarded the island for days by air and by naval power. I couldn't believe that anything or anyone could possibly exist after this heavy bombardment. This being my second landing I admit to having some fear as to whether I would make it or not.

When we were ready to go in, we left the transport ship by climbing down the side of the ship on rope ladders. I had with me my M1 rifle and backpack and ended up in an LST for the trip in. There were about fifty or sixty of us and we went in on the first wave. It was September 15, 1944. It was quiet aboard, as many of us didn't know what to expect. We were quite a distance from the shore, about a good two miles out. As we approached, the Navy kept firing over our heads, and the planes kept dropping bombs.

When we arrived [on the 16th], the front end of the LST was lowered and we sprinted through the water to hit the beach, which was solid coral. There was no protection there and guys were running everywhere. We had to wait for someone to command and let us know what to do and where to go. We were receiving enemy fire





BOTH PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY OF JOSEPH ZIGANTI, JR.

Left: There was very little to do on Pavuvu. That led to scenes like a marine named Strom doing the hula. Right: Ziganti (center, in shirt) with (from left) Kenneth Logan, Bill Barron, Fred Gennaro, Elmer Tague, and Tom Judy.

during all this confusion and I remember I was only on the beach about twenty minutes when, while laying there, I got hit. A part of a bullet got me in my chin and I received shrapnel in my left leg. I started to bleed profusely from my facial wound and pretty soon a Corpsman came to my aid. I remember him wrapping my entire head with bandage. Richard Ward, a Marine buddy, later told me that when he saw me all bloodied he thought that I had had it.

After my wounds were dressed, I got up and walked over to a "duck," which is a vehicle [made by General Motors under the model name DUKW] that can go on land and water. Along with several other casualties, we headed out to the hospital ship, S.S. *Hope*, that was standing off shore ready to take care of the wounded. I'll never forget the large size of this ship that was gleaming white and riding in the water. As we were making our way out to the ship, the Japs had a bead on us, and continually followed our zigzag course for as long as we were in range. I will never, never forget that seconds after we made a turn, a mortar would drop exactly where we had just been. It was only about a twenty-minute or so trip to ship *Hope*, but it was some of the most frightening moments

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in my life. I never thought we'd make it.

When we arrived, we were hauled up in a sling and when I came aboard, I was taken and they prepared me for removing the bullet. Under local anesthetic, the doctor removed the bullet, or part of one, from my chin and I heard him say, "Here it is." With that I heard a metallic sound as he dropped it into a metal basin. I remember, later on, putting it in my pajama pocket as I wanted to keep it as my souvenir, but somehow I lost it.

One thing that comes to mind was that the food served to us aboard was much better than the rations we received. It's a known fact that the Navy serves the best food of any of the other services. After a few days aboard we were transported to a hospital on Guadalcanal. Again, after a couple of weeks, I went back to Pavuvu by transport.

When I arrived, I proceeded toward our former headquarters. This was manned by Paul Sydow, who was the camp secretary; Hutchcraft, who was in charge of the mail; and several others from my outfit. I remember, and I'll never forget, walking into camp and Paul Sydow was so startled at seeing me. He said words to the effect of, "What are you doing here? I received word that you were killed." I can see him to this day and remember his reaction, and how good it felt to be back again.

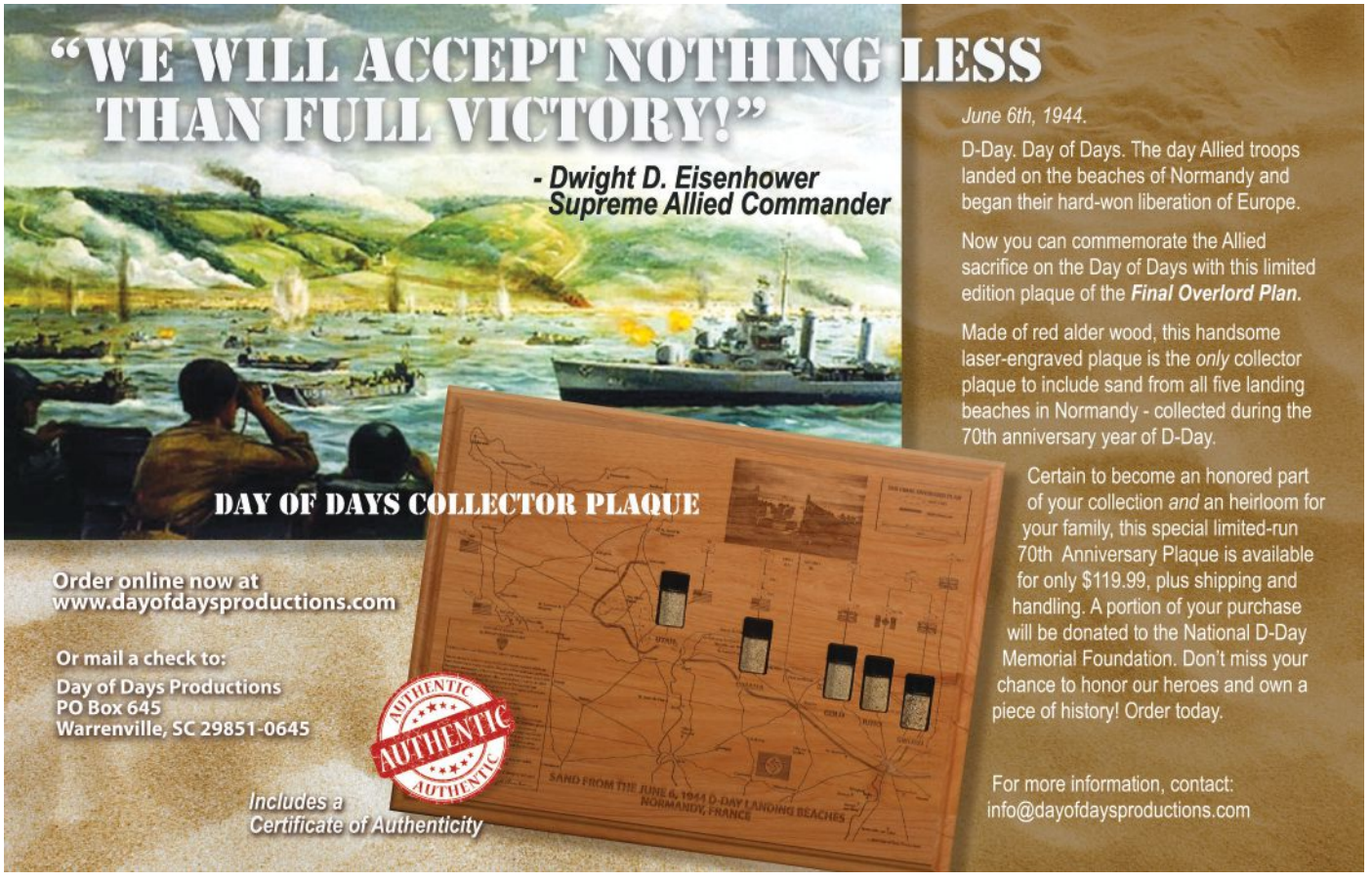
When the rest of the outfit returned after their engagement at Peleliu, we all stayed on Pavuvu for a much-needed time spent at R&R. Of course we had to do all of our regular chores, which included keeping the camp clean, doing calisthenics to stay fit, falling out for meals, and doing any and all duties that were required to keep things ship-shape.

There were many of us that didn't make it back, and no one will remember the Battle of Peleliu today, as it was not strategically necessary. Ironically, the toll of lives lost and wounded in that encounter reached 8,500 killed or injured for the Americans and 10,000 for the Japanese. Admiral [William "Bull"] Halsey [commander of the US Third Fleet] protested the invasion of this island just two days before the Marines were to make their landing, but he was overruled by [Fleet] Admiral [Chester] Nimitz [commander in chief of Pacific Ocean Areas] and the invasion went on as scheduled.

In the ensuing months we did practice landings on neighboring islands to prepare for our next battle. That came about on Easter Sunday, April 1, 1945, and it was to be in Okinawa. We thought it might be another landing like the one in Peleliu and we were scared sh-tless.

We all knew what we had experienced during the landing at Peleliu and we expected that this might be even worse. We were the first wave. These are the guys that get it first. But to my surprise, when we landed it was not near as bad as I had feared. We expected opposition and fortunately met very little.

We got in approximately a couple of miles and we had to dig in. The terrain that we had to dig in was very stony. We spent



the night in foxholes. Of course, we did run into some opposition that first night, which did not amount to too much. These were just Japanese stragglers that were shooting at us.

We did not meet any of the enemy until two or three days later. The terrain was fairly flat and we had little trouble advancing with our equipment until we reached the hills that were filled with caves. The enemy was fortified in these many caves in the hillside. These caves were also used for the burial of the dead. They dotted the island everywhere. If we couldn't approach these areas using hand grenades, we had to use flame throwers—that was one way of getting the Japanese out. If they were in the caves, they could see us, but we couldn't see them. So, really, this thing with the flame throwers was the thing to do. Hell, you could be here and the flame would reach from here to across the street. They could go quite a distance. When it goes into a cave, it sucks out all of the air.

I'll tell you the truth: we did not meet much opposition there after the first three or four weeks. The war was starting to go down and we had more time to take it easy. We had a lot of fun in Okinawa. After the fighting was over [in late June 1945], we spent a lot of time just looking around. It was a beautiful country. Very hilly. There were these big tombs where they buried their people. Of course, we had never seen anything like this.

We met a lot of civilians. Of course they didn't know how to speak English. I don't know how we got along, but we did. We knew that these people weren't the Japanese soldiers. These were just people who lived on the island all of their lives.



US MARINE CORPS

Marines face the enemy on Peleliu in the fall of 1944. More than 8,000 leathernecks fell in the fierce combat there, 1,508 of them killed. Ziganti was among the wounded.



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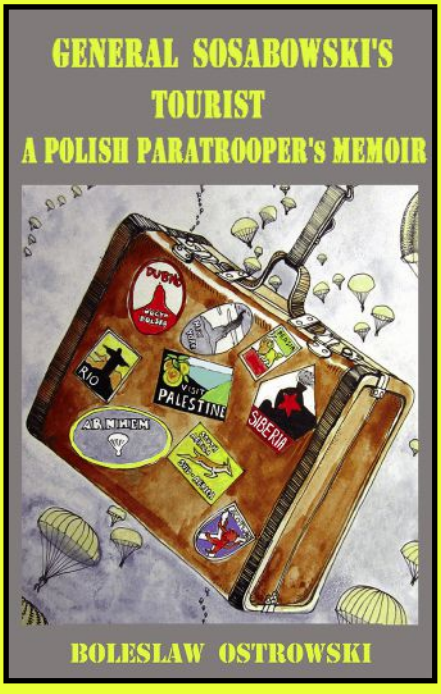
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One Man's WWII Odyssey!

GENERAL SOSABOWSKI'S TOURIST

A Polish Paratrooper's Memoir

BY BOLESLAW OSTROWSKI

In September, 1939, Poland was torn in half by Hitler and Stalin.

Boleslaw Ostrowski, a young man living in Poland's eastern borderlands, found himself conscripted into the Red Army. He eventually traveled halfway around the world to join the Polish forces in Britain, and fought at Arnhem in 1944.

This is a story of love and loss, but also a testament to courage, enduring comradeship, and remembrance for the soldiers forgotten by most of the world.

What I used to do, I used to fill up my bag with the goodies we had, you know, cigarettes, candies, sweets. And we went out on our excursions and I would meet these people and I would give them a candy bar. And believe you me, I doubt that they ever had a candy bar. It would help us get along. I would do that all the time.

I think we took over that whole damn island in about a month. Soon they [US Army Air Forces planes] dropped the first atomic bomb [on August 6] and then they dropped the next bomb [on August 9]. Basically, to tell you the truth, I don't think we knew anything about dropping the bomb. They didn't give us too much information. It was more or less a secret.

Towards the end, we had heard about the possibility that the war was going to end and they were going to start sending guys home. At that time I was already a corporal in charge of my platoon. I had made corporal in Melbourne. The guys in the Marine Corps had points for the length of time that we were in the service. I had 81 points. And it came out that you had to have so many points in order to go home. The guys who didn't have enough points in the company had to go to China. I had enough points. I wanted to go home. I was given the option of making staff sergeant if I continued on to China.

The reason I didn't want to go is that at that time, when we were supposed to go to China: the war wasn't over with. The reason the First Marine Division went to Okinawa is that that was the last landing we were going to make before the Americans were going to invade Japan. Of course, we knew that. So why would anybody want to go to China? For us guys with more than eighty points, we had had enough fighting. We didn't want to go to China, because once you go to China, you're going to Japan.

Fortunately, Japan was smart enough to know that once the bombs were dropped, they didn't have a chance. We would have annihilated Japan. I often think the way we would bomb Peleliu and Okinawa before we landed was *nothing* like what we would

have done to Japan.

I left Okinawa [on October 16]. We landed in California [in San Diego on November 8] and then we went by train to the Naval base in Chicago. I was discharged there from the Marine Corps and then after that we came to Cleveland into the Terminal Tower. Of course at that time is when my parents and brothers and sisters met me at the station. I guess I was happy about that….

I promised myself that after I got out of the service, I wasn't gonna do a damn thing for a whole year…, and that's exactly what I did.

In 1948 *Ziganti was on a visit to Florida when he met Dorothy Baron. Two years later, on September 23, they got married in New Jersey and settled in Cleveland, eventually raising three children. Ziganti took advantage of government-funded veterans training and learned to repair employee time clocks, which was the start of a long career for him in sales and sales management in that industry.*



COURTESY OF JOSEPH ZIGANTI, JR.

Looking like a man who's headed home, Ziganti strides along an island road. Asked to stay on and serve in China, he said no, turning down a two-grade promotion.

In May 2006, Dorothy and granddaughter Dana Textoris convinced Ziganti to share his war story. They recorded his recollections, and afterward he asked his son-in-law John Scavnicky to put some pictures to his words. Soon after Scavnicky began designing Red: A Marine's Story, *Ziganti became ill with pancreatic cancer. Before he died on March 25, 2007, he saw a full-color design of the book.* ★

432,000 Axis Prisoners-of-War in America!



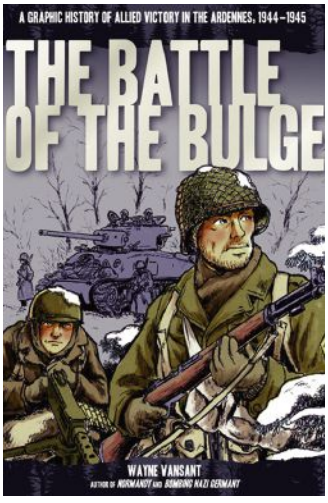
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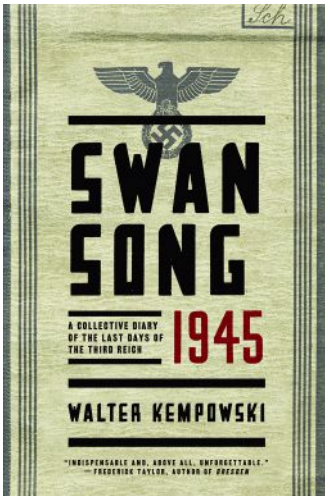
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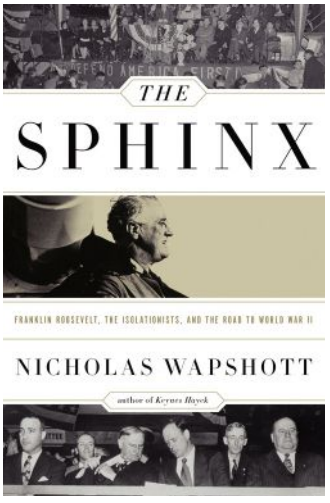
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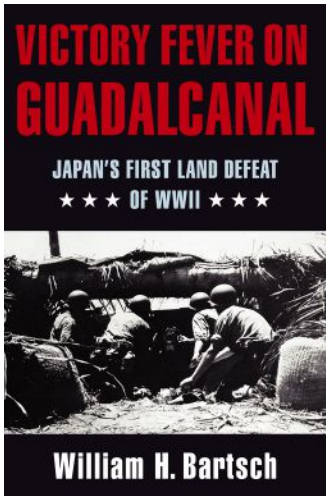
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The Battle of the Bulge: A Graphic History of Allied Victory in the Ardennes, 1944–1945
by Wayne Vansant, Zenith Press, 104 pages, $19.99

DURING A LONG career, writer and artist Wayne Vansant has produced many graphic novels depicting historic events, and in *The Battle of the Bulge: A Graphic History of Allied Victory in the Ardennes, 1944–1945*, he takes on the largest and bloodiest battle fought to date by the US Army. Vansant organizes the material—covering Adolf Hitler's last-ditch effort to change the tide of the war by attacking American troops in the Ardennes on December 16, 1944—into 11 chapters. They begin with "Watch on the Rhine," which sets the scene for the battle to come, and conclude with "Death Rattle," which illustrates the last stages of the battle and the German defeat and ultimate surrender.

As graphic novels go, there is much material that is expected, including big block paragraphs that orient the reader to the illustrations, and dialog among the figures depicted. These Vansant does very well. With very little space, he can't afford to bog down the narrative, so he's forced to be concise and efficient in his story-telling. Thus he sets up each of the 11 chapters with background material and commentary to tie each one to the one that follows it. The material is complete, within the parameters of the medium, and accurate.

What's unexpected here is what comes with the supplemental resources that Vansant provides. Near the end of the first chapter, he includes a two-page spread that features a map of the front line on December 15–16, 1944. (Other, smaller maps appear throughout the book.) Framing this map are two illustrated sidebars. One lists the names of the seven US divisions that fought the Germans in the Ardennes. An explanatory blurb of text accompanies each name. For the 99th Infantry Division, for example, the text reads, "Came into the line on November 9. Patrol and light combat experience." The facing sidebar, "Principle Forces for 'Watch on the Rhine,'" provides brief biographies on three German commanders: SS General Josef "Sepp" Dietrich, whose army divisions spearheaded the attack against American forces; General Baron Hasso von Manteuffel, commander of the infantry and panzer divisions that pierced the Losheim Gap; and General Ernst Brandenberger, who commanded the infantry that fought against General George Patton's Third Army in an effort to protect von Manteuffel's left flank. Vansant also includes four appendices: "Allied and Axis Divisions," "U.S. Tanks," "German Tanks," and "Further Reading."

Given the spatial confines of the medium, Vansant's choices of materials to include are often a pleasant surprise, such as the January 17, 1945, slaughter of 11 men from the African American 333rd Field Artillery Battalion by German forces near the Belgian village of Wereth. The Americans had found refuge with a local family, but ended up surrendering to protect that family from the Germans. They were brutally murdered just outside of the village. In contrast, many scholarly studies of this battle, with no space restrictions, fail to mention this incident.

It was also nice to see an illustrated British General Bernard Montgomery looking a little sheepish when Prime Minister Winston Churchill, also depicted, says in a speech to Parliament on January 18, 1945, that the Battle of the Bulge was an American victory. Montgomery had previously inferred that he had delivered the Americans and saved the day.

Later in the book Vansant writes that the "special relationship between the people of the Ardennes and the United States is illustrated in the story of Staff Sgt. Hassell C. Whitfield," who died trying to protect a five-year-old fleeing his parents' home in panic during the German bombardment of the Luxembourg village of Oberwampach.

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As Whitfield caught the boy and ran for safety, they were both killed by an exploding shell. Vansant concludes the narrative with this account and the line "Maybe that says it all."

Therein lies the greatest appeal of this particular rendition of the Battle of the Bulge: History at its most compelling is composed of the little events that show us at our very best and at our very worst, doing the unexpected. It was a pleasant surprise to find so many examples of this in a 100-page graphic novel.

—Allyson Patton
Gettysburg, Pennsylvania

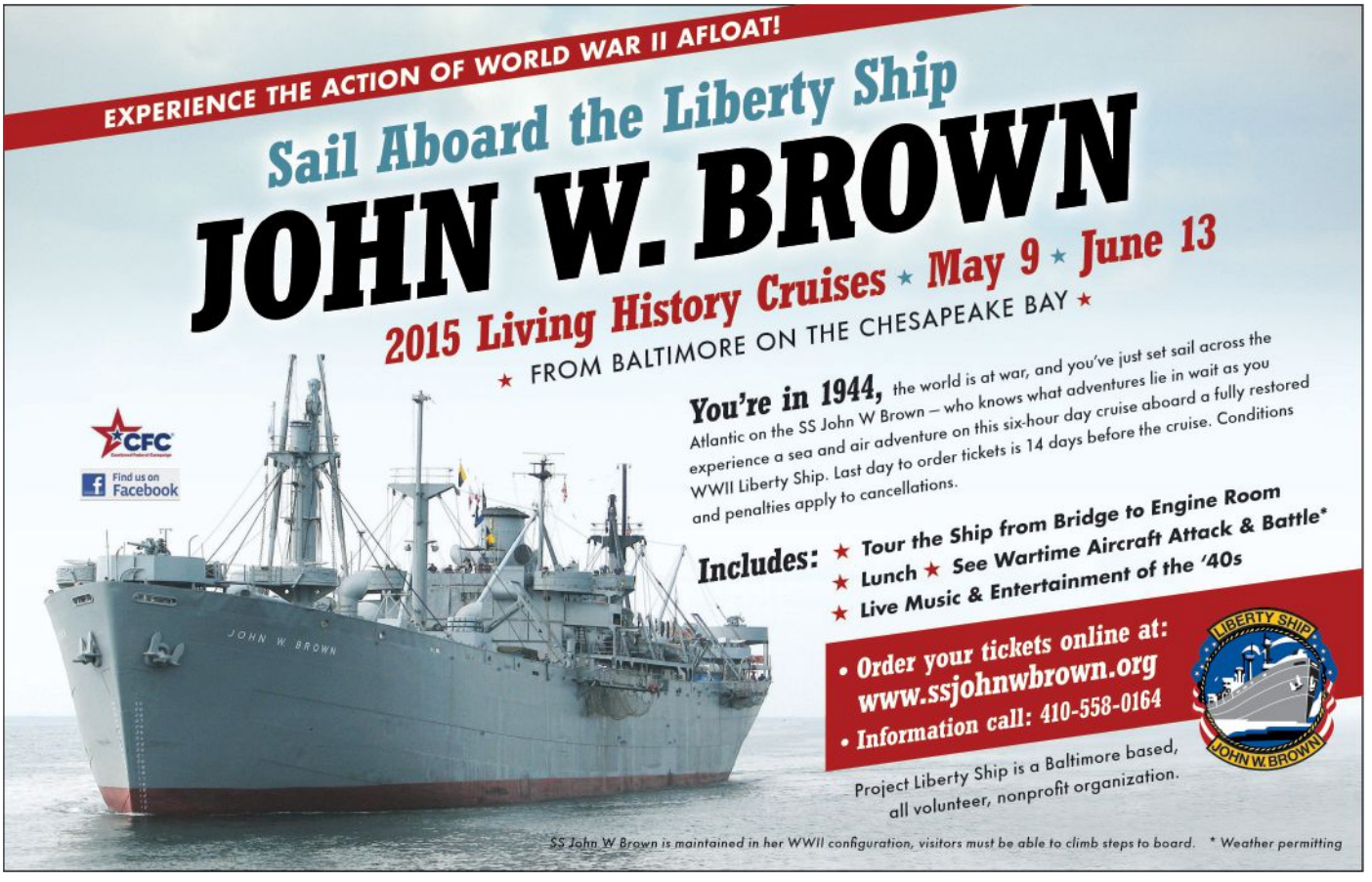
Swansong 1945: A Collective Diary of the Last Days of the Third Reich
by Walter Kempowski, translated into English from the original German by Shaun Whiteside, W.W. Norton, 512 pages, $35

German author Walter Kempowski spent two decades collecting first-hand accounts that focus on the experience of the average person during the last days of World War II. He gathered letters, diaries, and autobiographies from used bookstores and flea markets and through newspaper advertisements. In *Swanson 1945: A Collective Diary of the Last Days of the Third Reich*, his project to "rescue the voices of the dead" brings to life the experiences of soldiers and forced laborers, concentration camp survivors and prisoners of war, and journalists and housewives.

Kempowski decided to expand on his original plan and added the perspectives of notable figures such as British Prime Minister Winston Churchill, Soviet Premier Joseph Stalin, Italian fascist leader Benito Mussolini, and German Chancellor Adolf Hitler, correctly believing this "would help to display the war in all its aspects." There are many voices to be heard, and Kempowski, who died in 2007, seamlessly wove them into a rich tapestry.

Kempowski's account focuses on four notable days in the spring of 1945: April 20, Hitler's final birthday; April 25, the first meeting of the Soviet and American soldiers at the River Elbe; April 30, Hitler's suicide; and May 8, the day Germany surrendered. The varied experiences of these days make for a well-rounded depiction of circumstances ranging from the mundane to the greatest of horrors.

One recollection of April 20, for instance, covers a span of events from Hitler's birthday celebration, which seemed more like a funeral procession, to a woman who stepped on a grenade on her way home from collecting rationed butter and lost her leg. While a radio address by Hitler's minister of propaganda, Joseph Goebbels, was met with jeers in Germany, a British soldier stationed in the country wrote to his parents about the football game he would play later that day and asked them to send envelopes large enough to fit postcards. In Leipzig, crowds cheered at the sight of American infantry, while in Berlin a father gave his daughter a pistol and begged her to kill herself when the Russians arrived. At the same time, a



British lieutenant visiting the Bergen-Belsen concentration camp wrote, "I shall remember this visit, chiefly because it brought home so much more clearly what we have been—and still are—fighting against, and it made me sure that the lives of many friends lost have been worthwhile."

Eleanor Roosevelt visited her husband's grave on Wednesday, April 25, while across the globe, Hitler's girlfriend, Eva Braun, announced that she would kill herself with poison so she could be "a beautiful corpse." Elsewhere, a prisoner of war noted the beauty of the sunset, and a doctor recalled dead soldiers hanged in Berlin "with signs around their necks: I was too cowardly to defend my wife and children."

On Monday, April 30, an inmate at the Dachau concentration camp in Germany recounted, "In the washroom lay 50 corpses that had died, starved, exhausted. One of the [American] officers started crying when he saw this. Strange to think of a man coming from battle, who sees corpses all the time, an officer in the middle of war, crying at the sight of our dead."

On May 8, Stalin's pregnant daughter congratulated him on the victory, and Nobel Prize–winning Norwegian writer Knut Hamsun wrote that Hitler was a warrior for humanity and "a herald of the gospel of justice for all nations." That same day, mortuary workers in Berlin examined what was presumed to be Hitler's burnt corpse, while in Britain, Churchill signed an autograph for an excited child.

Reading these raw accounts, so varied, linked only by dates on the calendar, is akin to visiting with hundreds of different people who lived through World War II. Despite Kempowski's own experiences—he, his brother, and his mother were arrested in 1948 and jailed in a labor camp by the Soviets when he gave US authorities proof that the Soviets were taking more reparations from Germany than the Allies agreed to—he remained an impartial curator, standing back to allow each narrative to present its own truth. In this, *Swansong 1945* successfully provides a unique context for the last days of the Second World War. As scholar Alan Bance notes, Kempowski's work "is not history, it is the stuff history is made of."

—Aimee Travisano
Rome, Italy

The Sphinx: Franklin Roosevelt, the Isolationists, and the Road to World War II
by Nicholas Wapshott, W.W. Norton, 464 pages, $27.95

Today we generally regard World War II as an event that was inevitable, and American participation in it as no less certain. Yet not all US citizens in 1939 would have agreed about America's joining the war. Still mired in the Great Depression, dissatisfied with the outcome of World War I, and perennially suspicious of foreign entanglements, Americans could not agree on how to respond to the global rise of totalitarianism in the 1930s. Even when German bombs began falling on London, there was little support in America for US intervention. In fact, many prominent Americans actively opposed any participation and aggressively agitated for strict neutrality. Yet President Franklin Roosevelt, the 20th century's supreme politician, sensed the nature of the struggle that was brewing in Europe and waged a stealthy years-long campaign to prepare for the war that he believed would come.



This is the fascinating story told by Nicholas Wapshott in *The Sphinx: Franklin Roosevelt, the Isolationists, and the Road to World War II*—the strategy and tactics of how Roosevelt schmoozed, cajoled, manipulated, and back-stabbed his political opponents in the years leading up to America's participation in the war. Throughout, Roosevelt was good-humored and elegantly ruthless in dealing with adversaries that included several prominent citizens, including Joseph Kennedy, Charles Lindbergh, radio personality Father Charles Coughlin, and a panoply of politicians, generally grouped as ideological members of what would be founded as the America First Committee on September 1940. FDR seemingly had an inexhaustible bag of tricks that he drew from to deal with opponents, from cocktails, photo opportunities, press leaks, and calculated ambiguity to prevarication, personal diplomacy and letters, and tax audits. (Some things, it seems, never change).

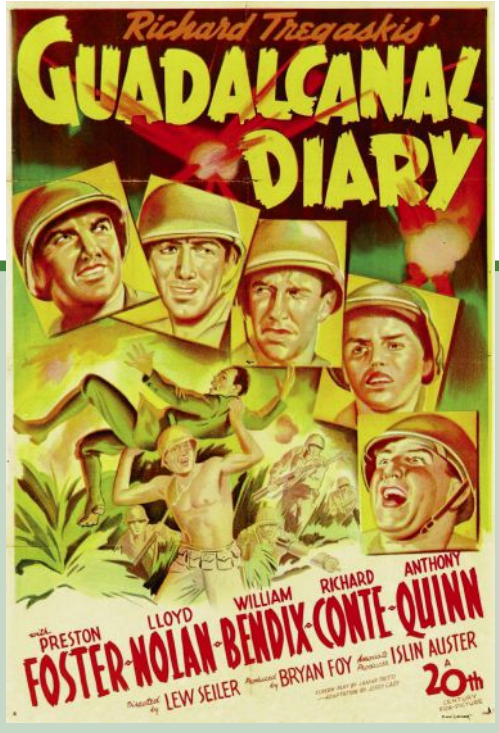
What happened to Joseph Kennedy, patriarch of America's supreme political dynasty, illustrates Roosevelt's far-sighted, smiling manipulation. In the late 1930s, as FDR was considering a run for his third term as president, he dispatched Kennedy to London to serve as the American ambassador there. Kennedy was already a wealthy, influential Irish-Catholic businessman with a track record of service to FDR, and he strongly favored non-intervention in Europe and repeatedly tried to include isolationist sentiments in his speeches. As he sought to expand his influence into politics, he relished the prospect of networking and building a more international image. Along with his wife, Rose, and their nine children, he became a well-known, well-regarded figure in the London establishment. Even so, this assignment removed him from the American political scene.

When Kennedy began promoting himself as a presidential candidate, Roosevelt continued to treat him warmly. But soon accusations of Kennedy disloyalty hit the press—leaked accusations. He found himself circumvented by FDR's back-room deals and negotiations and reduced to humiliating insignificance, unable even to

★ THEATER OF WAR

Guadalcanal Diary

Directed by Lewis Seiler, written by Richard Tregaskis, Lamar Trotti, and Jerome Cady, from the book by Richard Tregaskis, starring Preston Foster, Lloyd Nolan, William Bendix, Richard Conté, Anthony Quinn, Richard Jaeckel, Lionel Stander, and Roy Roberts, 1943, 93 minutes, black and white, not rated.



In the book *Guadalcanal Diary*, war correspondent Richard Tregaskis recounted his experiences with the marines during the campaign to capture Guadalcanal, one of the Solomon Islands. He published the book in January 1943. Twentieth Century–Fox released the film adaptation at the end of that October. That was pretty fast work, even for the production-line methods of the old studio system. The result was, for its time, a fairly realistic depiction of the Pacific war and the toll it took on the men fighting it, although the film doesn't quite match its trailer's promises of "breath-taking realism," "pulse-pounding drama," "nerve-tingling action," and "unforgettable spectacle."

The film opens quietly "somewhere in the South Pacific" aboard a troop ship heading for parts unknown. Aboard is a typical mix of Hollywood fighting men. There's "Taxi" Potts (William Bendix), the guy from Brooklyn. Naturally he talks a lot about the Dodgers and Ebbets Field. Private Johnny "Chicken" Anderson (Richard Jaeckel) is the kid who says he's writing to his girl when he's really working on a letter to his ma. Jesus "Soose" Alvarez (Anthony Quinn) tries to decide between multiple girls back home. Sergeant Malone (Lloyd Nolan) attempts to prepare these untested soldiers for war, while Captains Davis and Cross (Richard Conté and Roy Roberts) keep up a friendly rivalry as they wait to learn where they are going. Father Donnelly (Preston Foster) is along to provide spiritual guidance.

The destination turns out to be Guadalcanal, where the beach landings prove surprisingly uneventful. When a Japanese prisoner informs the Americans that a large garrison farther down the island wants to surrender, Cross takes a small force to investigate. It turns out to be a trap. The waiting Japanese slaughter the Americans. Only Alvarez escapes. As he swims to safety, he watches the Japanese viciously bayonetting the dead marines, and he burns for vengeance.

Alvarez gets his opportunity as the Americans extend their control of Guadalcanal, which means clearing the island's caves of entrenched Japanese. The Japanese get their licks in, too. The marines seek protection in crude bomb shelters as enemy ships and planes attempt to bomb them into submission. The rough-hewn Taxi undergoes some kind of religious conversion, suddenly aware that whether he lives or dies is out of his control. Eventually American reinforcements do arrive and, following

resign until Roosevelt permitted it. Early in the war, Kennedy offered his services only to receive, after long delay, a commission to run a couple of shipyards. Without a single public cross word, Roosevelt removed him from the political scene and progressively whittled him to irrelevance.

Most notable here is that while FDR was dealing with Kennedy and safeguarding his own political options, he was also kneecapping potential competitors, seeking to thwart the isolationists, propping up the British to conduct their own fight, and situating the United States to wage global war. Yet his public face was invariably smiling, casual, and upbeat. Truly, he could have given lessons to the Sphinx.

The main conflict Wapshott covers within this study is FDR's struggle with isolationists. Though Kennedy vigorously promoted isolationism at every opportunity, he was scarcely alone. Charles Lindbergh, who in 1927 became the first pilot to fly solo across the Atlantic Ocean, was another champion of isolationism. In contrast to the wily Kennedy, Lucky Lindy had few personal ambitions and was driven by sincere convictions about the role of his country in the world. But he had poor judgment and little political acumen, and gestures and statements that seemed innocent to him, such as accepting an aviation medal from high-ranking Nazi official Hermann Göring, repeatedly sparked controversy. Roosevelt seems not to have perceived Lindbergh as a threat and took little action against him—until the war. Then Lindbergh was effectively removed from government service.

The Sphinx is a big book, and Wapshott covers numerous other Americans who either were not unsympathetic toward Nazi Germany or shared some of its darker sentiments. They include business magnates Henry Ford and Walt Disney, who nonetheless labored mightily, successfully, and profitably for the Allied cause. Other opponents of foreign involvement, such as Father Coughlin and media mogul William Randolph Hearst, saw their influence dwindle once the war started, and few remember them today.

The Sphinx might seem to be a story of political failures and discards, but it is an invaluable, nuanced, and well-researched study of the political currents surging through American society as war approached, and Wapshott's portrait of the genially, ingeniously scheming Roosevelt enlivens every chapter.

—Thomas Mullen
Flemington, New Jersey

one last all-out effort, the survivors from the original band of marines prepare to leave Guadalcanal behind.

Modern audiences might squirm a little over the way the Americans in the film talk about the Japanese and their "gook island," but it is a realistic reflection of the attitudes of the time. Much more than in Europe, the war in the Pacific had deep racial underpinnings that made the fighting especially vicious. The American soldiers in *Guadalcanal Diary* routinely refer to their largely unseen foes as monkeys, animals, and "squinters." When young Chicken Anderson asks Malone how he feels about killing other people, Malone replies, "These ain't people." Later in the film, Chicken plays dead as three Japanese soldiers approach and then he guns them down from behind after they pass. "That's what you taught me, Tojo!" he yells.

While no Hollywood film from the 1940s ever came close to capturing the sheer hell of the Pacific theater, *Guadalcanal Diary* at least hints at the war's realities—probably as much as the audiences of 1943 were prepared to face.

—Tom Huntington
Camp Hill, Pennsylvania

Victory Fever on Guadalcanal: Japan's First Land Defeat of WWII
by William H. Bartsch, Texas A&M University Press, 360 pages, $35

Guadalcanal has achieved mythic status in the history of the Pacific war during World War II. William Bartsch, author of *Doomed at the Start: American Pursuit Pilots in the Philippines, 1941–1942*; *December 8, 1941: MacArthur's Pearl Harbor*; and *Every Day a Nightmare: American Pursuit Pilots in the Defense of Java, 1941–1942*, continues to focus on the savage combat between American and Japanese forces in the Pacific with his latest book, *Victory Fever on Guadalcanal: Japan's First Land Defeat of WWII*.

Of particular interest to Bartsch is the crucial Battle of the Tenaru that took place on Guadalcanal on August 20–21, 1942, between US marines and the Japanese Ichiki-Shitai (the Ichiki Detachment) under the command of Colonel Kiyonao Ichiki. Ichiki and his troops were ordered to the Solomon Islands to retake at all costs the airfield on Guadalcanal that they had lost to American troops two weeks earlier. Bartsch focuses on the bloody fight at the Tenaru River (actually it was at Alligator Creek; the Tenaru River was farther away, but official records continue to call the engagement the Battle of the Tenaru). There, the marines dealt the Japanese a crippling defeat.

The Japanese had been feeling victory fever after defeating Allied forces during the first six months of World War II, Bartsch writes. But the Battle of the Coral Sea on May 7–8, 1942, was costly, even though it was a tactical victory. Japan lost resources that it sorely missed in the June 4–7 Battle of Midway, which ended as a clear tactical and strategic victory for the United States.

Then came Guadalcanal, the first major US offensive against the Japanese. The goal there was to retain the captured airfield that, in the hands of the Japanese, would threaten lines of communication and supply between the United States and Australia.

Bartsch sets his book's narrative in motion by examining the creation of the 1st Marine Division. In response to the December 7, 1941, attack on Pearl Harbor, President Franklin Roosevelt authorized an expansion of the marine corps. The 1st Marine Division was then built up on a foundation of troops from the 1st Marine Brigade to serve as the spearpoint of future American campaigns to halt and reverse Japanese advances. General Alexander A. Vandegrift, a veteran devil dog with service in Cuba, Nicaragua, Mexico, China, Haiti, and various postings in the United States, faced the daunting job of training and leading the division's mostly green troops. Bartsch draws from official records, private correspondence, personal histories, and secondary sources to illustrate the confusion, apprehension, and difficulties of such a huge task. He profiles individual, average marines to flesh out the narrative and give a bottom-up perspective that pro-

vides a personal connection for readers, further drawing them into the account.

Bartsch's book includes a Japanese perspective, giving it added depth and appeal. Ichiki graduated from the Imperial Japanese Army Academy and served in China. Prior to his commanding the 28th Infantry Regiment, from which the Ichiki Detachment was culled, the 28th participated in the July 7, 1937, Marco Polo Bridge fight that ignited the Second Sino-Japanese War. Just over two years later it clashed with Russians during the Nomonhan campaign of the Soviet-Japanese War of 1939. It earned a reputation as a tough, elite unit, unafraid of battle.

The sequences of events leading to the destruction of the Ichiki Detachment at Guadalcanal are well written, lending an appropriately tense and nervy atmosphere. Originally assigned to occupy the island of Midway, the detachment was given different orders after the US Navy's overwhelming victory there. Those orders were to land on Guadalcanal, destroy the marines there, and retake the airfield.

It's here that Bartsch expands on the victory fever of his title. Even after being defeated at Midway, Japanese forces were flush with a sense of invincibility. Ichiki underestimated the number of Americans on Guadalcanal and took only 900 troops to the island with him aboard fast destroyers. He and other Japanese commanders also seriously underestimated the fighting ability of the American marine. This hubris was his undoing. The Japanese found a significantly larger American presence on Guadalcanal than they had expected, and those marines were ready to fight. Furthermore, Ichiki attacked at the point on Alligator Creek with the most American defenders, even though there were more vulnerable points elsewhere along the waterway. Ichiki also elected not to wait for additional Japanese forces that were en route. As a result, even the infamous banzai charges proved futile against the marines.

Victory Fever on Guadalcanal is rich in photographs, maps, notes, and appendices that feature rosters of the 1st Marine Division and the Ichiki Detachment, and the inclusion of the Japanese perspective offers the reader a broader view of this campaign. This is a compelling, well-researched book that gives a thrilling account of the United States's first strategic offensive against Imperial Japan.

—Michael Edwards
New Orleans, Louisiana

★ 78 RPM

Good Vibes in Carnegie Hall



Lionel Hampton had come a long way from doing paradiddles on the snare drum with the Holy Rosary Academy fife and drum corps. Now he was at Carnegie Hall, tapping out chordal runs on the vibraphone as leader of his own big band. The journey had taken him from his teens in Roaring Twenties Chicago to adulthood in WWII New York City.

Hampton had been in Carnegie Hall's spotlight once before World War II. It was 1938, and Benny Goodman—who'd assembled one of the first racially integrated orchestras, with African Americans Hampton on vibraphone and Teddy Wilson on piano—led his orchestra into New York City's prime concert venue for the first-ever jazz performance there. The playing lived up to the historic importance of the event. Hampton treated the audience to masterful soloing on what was to most listeners an unusual instrument—essentially an electric xylophone with metal rather than wood tone bars and a rotating apparatus that gave the amplified sound a tremolo effect.

Hampton left Goodman's group on good terms two years later to head his own outfit. His biggest hit came in 1942 with "Flying Home," a song he revived over and over after initial success performing it with Goodman, who co-wrote it. The story has it that the melody came to Hampton while he was in an airport, waiting anxiously for his first flight. In the 1942 recording, a 19-year-old Illinois Jacquet ripped through a tenor sax solo that foretold the arrival of rhythm and blues. The song topped out at 23 on the *Billboard* sales chart for two weeks.

Played live, the tune took on a life of its own. It frequently carried on for 20 minutes of intense swinging, with musicians trading licks and solo breaks. Hampton would chime in on vibraphone and then pick up drumsticks to wale on a floor tom, twirling the sticks like batons and tossing them into the air, before finally jumping onto the drumhead to dance. "Sometimes when I play jazz," he later said, "a spiritual impulse comes over me."

Later in the war, Hampton brought back "Flying Home" on record as "Flying Home, Number Two," though it didn't have the success of the original. Then he made his second appearance at Carnegie Hall, on April 15, 1945. This time he was the bandleader. Trumpet giant Dizzy Gillespie joined him onstage for "Red Cross" and singer Dinah Washington came up for "Evil Gal Blues." Of course, the group played Hampton's now-signature "Flying Home."

Hampton continued to perform regularly over the following decades, sharing the stage with most of jazz's surviving masters and its rising stars. His career was cut short by a stroke that kept him from performing much between 1991 and his death in 2002.

—Carl Zebrowski
editor of *America in WWII*

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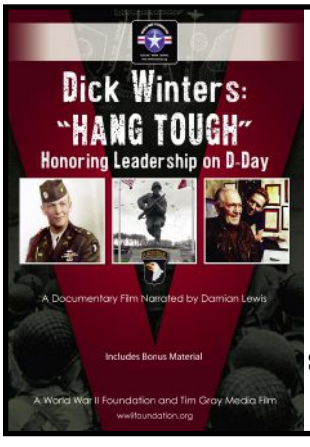
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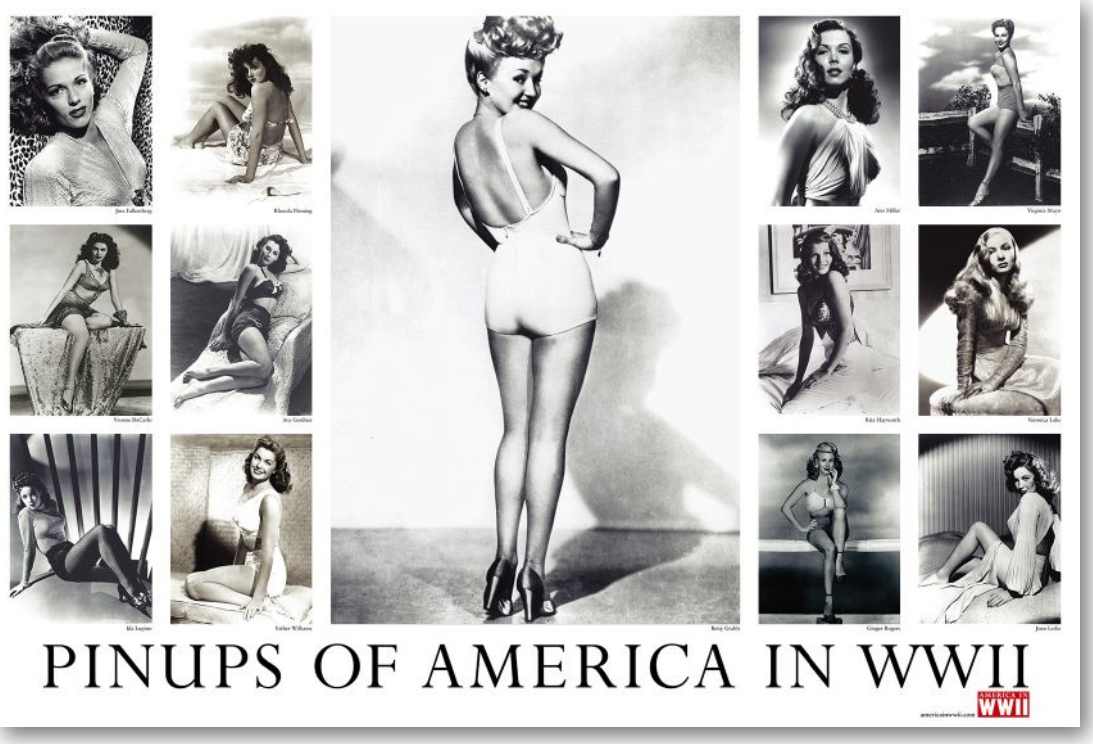
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★ WWII EVENTS

CALIFORNIA • **Mar. 9–15, Palm Springs:** Commemorative Air Force Air Power Tour. Fly-bys by visiting WWII aircraft, plane tours and rides. Aircraft include B-29 Superfortress *Fifi*, P-51 Mustang *Man o' War*, C-45 Expeditor *Bucket of Bolts*, and a T-6 Texan (Navy SNJ). Palm Springs Air Museum, 745 North Gene Autry Trail. 760-778-6262. www.palmspringsairmuseum.org

LOUISIANA • **Mar. 4, 18, and Apr. 1, 15, New Orleans:** Lunchbox Lectures. Free presentations on WWII themes. Noon–1 P.M. H. Mortimer Favrot Orientation Center, National WWII Museum. 504-582-1944, ext. 229. www.nationalww2museum.org

Mar. 28, New Orleans: Beyond Rosie: Women's Roles on the American Home Front. Features several WWII women war workers telling their stories. 10 A.M.–1 P.M. Louisiana Memorial Pavilion, National WWII Museum. Reservations required. 504-582-1944, ext. 229. www.nationalww2museum.org

Apr. 14, New Orleans: Victory at Home: New Orleans during WWII. Program of period newsreels and propaganda, memories of WWII-era New Orleans residents. Moderated by Charles Chamberlain, author of *Victory at Home: Manpower and Race in the American South during World War II*. 6–7:30 P.M. Stage Door Canteen, National WWII Museum. Reservations required. 504-582-1944, ext. 229. www.nationalww2museum.org

MASSACHUSETTS • **Apr. 24, Fall River:** Family Nautical Night. Overnight experience aboard WWII battleship USS *Massachusetts (BB-59)*. Includes sleeping in restored bunks, chow-line meals, shipboard activities. Reservations required. 508-678-1100, ext. 101 or 102. www.battleshipcove.org

PENNSYLVANIA • **Apr. 1, Boalsburg:** Remembering World War II, A Pilot's Journey. US Army Air Forces veteran John F. Homan discusses his WWII experiences. Part of the Friends' Richard Koontz Memorial Lecture Series. 7:30 P.M. The Pennsylvania Military Museum, 51 Boal Avenue. 814-466-6263. www.pamilmuseum.org

Apr. 18, Boalsburg: Air War: A Firsthand Account of Combat and Capture. Lecture by air force Sergeant Major Bob Baker, a WWII vet, talking about his experiences as a B-17 flight engineer, gunner, and German prisoner of war. 1:30 P.M. The Pennsylvania Military Museum, 51 Boal Avenue. 814-466-6263. www.pamilmuseum.org

TEXAS • **Mar. 13, Fredericksburg:** Annual Admiral Nimitz Dinner, with the Honorable George P. Shultz. A former US attorney general, Shultz served in the US Marine Corps during WWII, 1942–1945. St. Mary's Parish Center, 3004 West San Antonio Street. Presented by the National Museum of the Pacific War. Tickets required. 830-997-8600, ext. 200. nelson@nimitzfoundation.org. www.pacificwarmuseum.org

Mar. 14, 15, and Apr. 11, 12, Fredericksburg: Pacific Combat Living History Reenactments. Combat simulation featuring uniformed actors, guns, tanks, flamethrower. 11 A.M. and 2 P.M. Pacific Combat Zone, National Museum of the Pacific War, 340 East Main Street. 830-997-8600. www.pacificwarmuseum.org

Mar. 27–28, College Station: Living History Weekend. WWII weapons display; tanks, military vehicles, and artillery from WWII through Vietnam; WWII living history displays and reenactment; military vendors. Museum of the American GI, 19124 Highway 6 South. 979-446-6888. www.americangimuseum.org

WASHINGTON, DC • **Apr. 1:** Battle of Okinawa 70th Anniversary Wreath-Laying. Commemorates start of the Battle of Okinawa 70 years ago this day. Noon. National WWII Memorial. 1750 Independence Avenue SW. 202-675-2017. www.wwiimemorialfriends.org

Please call the numbers provided or visit websites to check on dates, times, locations, and other information before planning trips.

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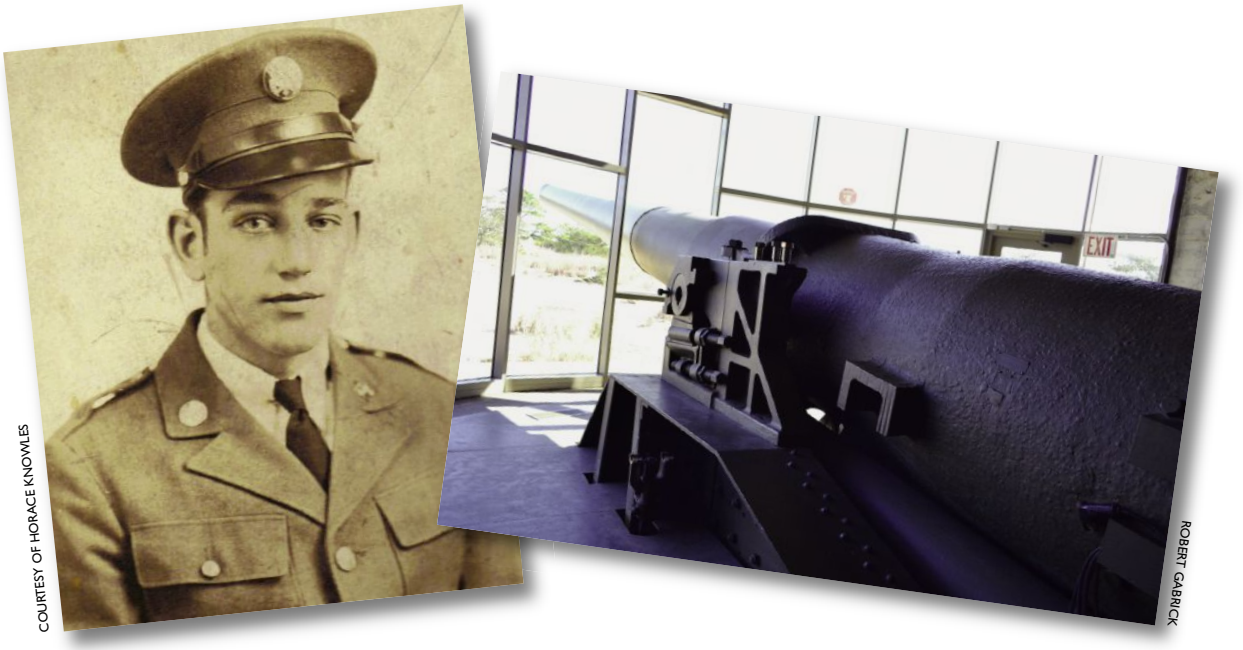
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Guarding Delaware from the Nazis



Experienced in construction, Horace Knowles helped build facilities for Fort Miles on Delaware's coast. If the fort had been attacked, he'd have manned a gun (this recent photo shows one of the fort's 12-inch guns).

Horace Knowles was true to his roots—he was born, raised, and married in Delaware and did most of his WWII army service there, too.

Knowles began his wartime hitch in the army with training at Fort DuPont, Delaware. After that, on Easter Sunday 1941, he and a few hundred other men of the 261st Coast Artillery Battalion were sent to Cape Henlopen near Lewes, Delaware, to establish an outpost for harbor defenses of the Delaware Bay and River that became Fort Miles. Knowles divided his days between training in the morning and developing the fort's facilities in the afternoon. With a background in construction, he guided his unit in building tasks. If an attack ever came, he would be in charge of the fort's No. 1 gun.

"A lot of people don't realize how important Fort Miles was," Knowles says. "Our job was to protect the Delaware River and Bay and the heavy industry that was building our tanks, jeeps, and weapons. We also had oil refineries that were making petroleum products for the war effort. All the shipping went through the Delaware Bay and it had to be protected. We knew that Hitler had one heck of a navy. We didn't know if he would attack the East Coast or not."

The work at Fort Miles wasn't easy and the living wasn't comfortable. In the first winter there, Knowles and his comrades lived in tents with wooden floors and sides. He recalls "little pot-bellied stoves with a smoke stack going up through the top of the tent. The stack would become cherry red. Sometimes the men would wake up in the middle of the night and their tent would be on fire."

Before the war ended, almost all the men of the 261st served overseas. By 1944, Knowles had requested a transfer to Europe, where he was assigned to Lieutenant General George Patton's Third Army.

Now 95 years old, Knowles has returned to Fort Miles many times over years. He aided in the facility's restoration and preservation (the site is featured as our Landings destination in this issue). He also has provided historians with accounts of his wartime experiences, keeping alive the story of the fort he helped build and of its role in keeping the East Coast safe from the enemy. ★

Submitted by Laura Tomlinson, *great-granddaughter of Horace Knowles. Adapted for* America in WWII *by editorial intern Michael Momose.*

Send your GIs photo and story to editor@americainwwii.com or to GIs, America in WWII, 4711 Queen Ave., Ste. 202, Harrisburg, PA 17109

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